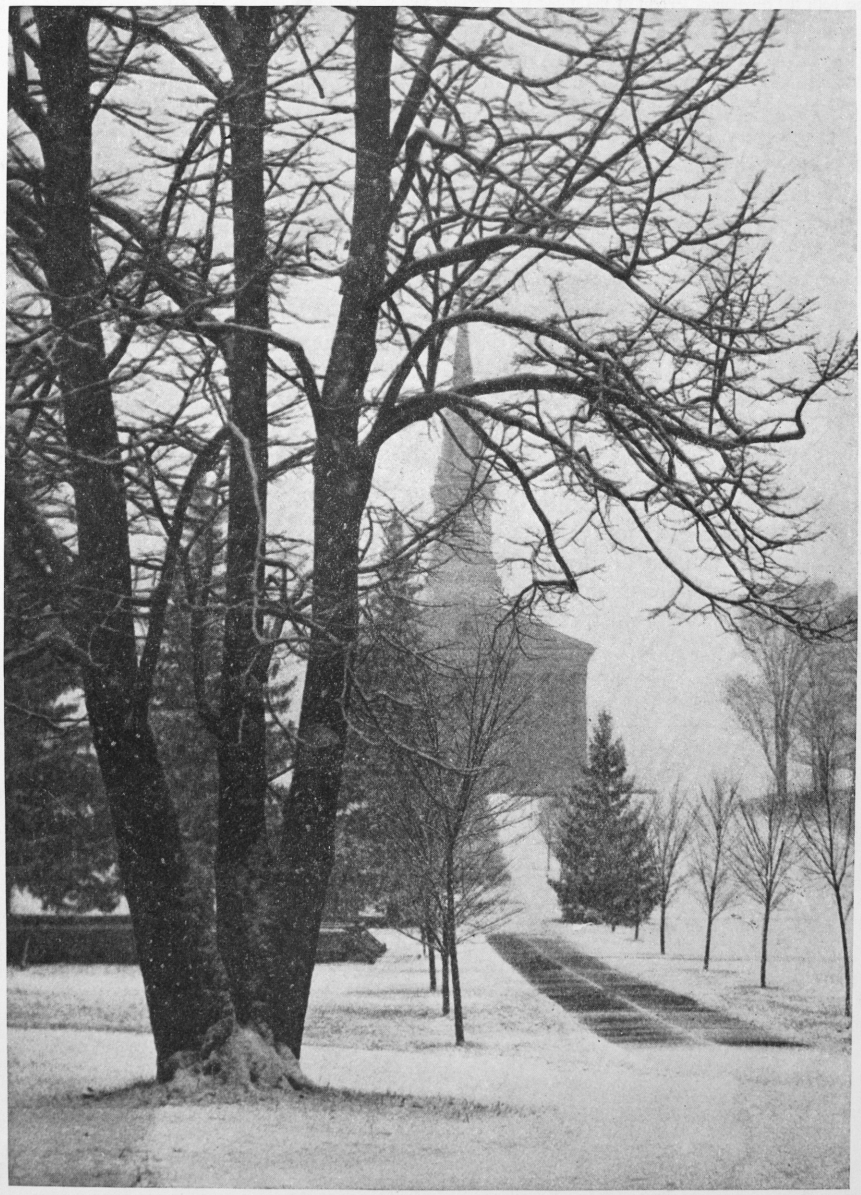
THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

Published by Middlebury College at Middlebury, Vermont, for the Alumni and Alumnae

VOLUME VIII. DECEMBER, 1933 No. 2



First Snow

Middlebury Songs Sung and Unsung

By MRS. EDGAR J. WILEY, '12

"Musick is one of the few enjoyments with which the mind cannot be satisfied and which richly repays us for hours of sadness and dejection. The giddy airs which kindle thoughtless mirth and glad hilarity, rob mankind of reason. It has been the delight of man in all ages. It charms both the envenomed serpent of India and the ferocious son of the forest. It has been declared in every age to have an irresistible power of enchantment."

—Misenus

SO ran an article on "Musick" printed in a copy of the "Undergraduate" of 1831. Evidently Middlebury College was interested in "musick" over a hundred years ago, though what form that interest took does not appear. There is surely nothing to indicate that it extended to anything so ephemeral as college songs. In fact, interest in college songs has been so incidental that even after a hundred and thirty-three years the college has only a very limited surviving song lore.

Looking back into the history and records, the first mention of a college song that I could find was in another copy of the "Undergraduate" of 1831 and was entitled "An Ode—Sung at the Anniversary of the Middlebury College Temperance Society" July 11th, 1831 (Tune:—"Watchman tell us of the night"). Evidently present day problems are, musically speaking, but variations of an old theme.

I.

First Voice.

Nations! Wake the theme! Arise!
Loud in strains extatic tell
Earth and sea and vaulted skies,
How your mental shackles fell!

Choir.

Listen! earth and sea and sky.
Heav'n hath taught us to be free;
And a world responsive cry,
Vice alone is slavery.

II.

First Voice.

Nations! answer from your shores!
Are there yet no haunts of woe,
Where the wretch of guilt adores
Poisons that have laid him low?

Choir.

Hark! That spirit-rending sound,
Borne on sighing breezes near,
Still proclaims to all around,
Sorrow is triumphant here.

III.

First Voice.

Nations! Where's the favored land,
Sun-bright with the smiles of Heaven,
Which beneath the Almighty's hand,
Your deliverance hath given?

Choir.

Let its name on earth be blest,
And when earth hath pass'd away,
Spirits in eternal rest!
Hymn the name "AMERICA!"

The next record of a song is found in the *Semi-Centennial* book. This song was written by E. D. Barber, Esq., 1829 and sung to the tune of "Byron's Farewell," under the direction of John W. Stewart, Esq. of the class of 1846, who later became governor of Vermont, and, later still, United States Senator.

Oh! brothers met once more,
Too soon to part again;
Before we go let's pour
To our mother's love, one strain.

Mother, where'er we've been,
Thy fame was with us there;
As the nurse of noble men,
The guide to truth and prayer.

. . . . . .

Where the Angel of the grave,
His shaft paints at the heart,
They show their power to save,
And turn aside the dart.

Where'er the Poet's hand
Hath swept the trancing lyre,
Thy sons have graced the band
And touched its chords with fire.

. . . . . .

Where the Good their triumphs win,
And love to God and man,
Redeem the world from Sin;
Thy sons still lead the van.

They lift that banner high
In the Islands of the sea;
And 'neath the Indian sky,
They plant the Gospel tree.

Then honor to thy name,
Our mother loved and dear;
We cherish still thy fame;
We leave thee with a tear.

The News Letter is published by Middlebury College quarterly, in September, December, March, and June at Middlebury, Vermont. Entered as second class matter November 15, 1932 at the Post Office at Middlebury, Vermont, under Act of August 24, 1912.

In a volume called "Middlebury College—A Souvenir," published by the enterprising class of '98, appears "A New Century Hymn" written by J. E. Rankin, '48, better known as author of the hymn "God be with you till we meet again." It seems entirely unrelated to the college. No tune is indicated for it and there is nothing to show whether it was sung.

A song written by C. W. Prentiss, '96 to the tune of "John Brown's body," seems to be the first of a lilting character.

SONG

I.

Come and join us in a song
Of good old college days!
Let your voices free and strong
A sounding chorus raise!
Loyalty and love belong
To Her we proudly praise.
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:

Middlebury live forever!
Middlebury live forever!
Middlebury live forever!
Our Alma Mater dear!

II.

Sophomores and Freshmen, who
Have battled for the cane,
Will rally 'neath the White and Blue
As brothers once again!
Upper-classmen gladly too,
Will join in the refrain,
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:

III.

Laugh away the fleeting years
For soon our college days
Will vanish with their joys—and tears,
Their gay, half-earnest ways!
Still, whatever fate appears,
Her loyal sons will praise
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:

IV.

Mix a cup of kindness then,
Let college spirit flow!
Pledge to Her as college men
The homage that we owe!
Ring the chorus out again,
That all the world may know,
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:

The reference to the cane in the second stanza would suggest that the Gamaliel Painter Cane tradition dates much farther back than it really does. But the cane in this song, of course, refers to the custom of that time of having an annual cane rush between Freshmen and Sophomores.

The final contribution in this '98 *Souvenir* is a two-page sheet of music called "Middlebury College Patrol and Two-step," composed by J. A. Peck of that class. It is a unique contribution and, though not a song, deserves mention.

The five-day Centennial celebration in 1900, with its variety of events, [*Continued on page 16*]

Twentieth Century Sourdough

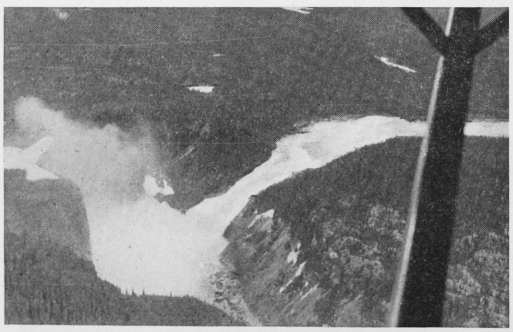
By CHARLES W. ALLEN, '29

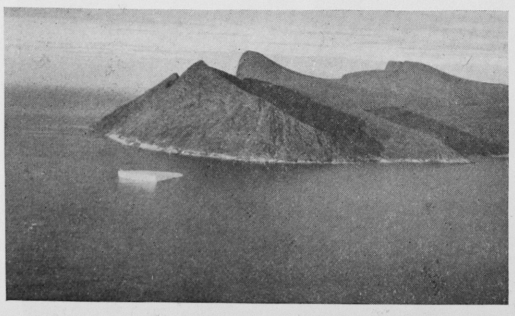
THE Coast of Labrador was described as "The Country that God gave Cain" by that tough old sea-dog Jacques Cartier as he sailed along its shores in 1534. Something of the forbidding nature of the rugged coast suggested in that title extends throughout the country, so that from that time to this so little exploring has been done that it remains, in its interior, one of the last outposts of the North American Continent. All this is true despite the facts commonly known among geologists that Labrador, together with eastern Ontario and Quebec, comprises the oldest known mass of rock in the world, the "Pre-Cambrian Shield," and that in Ontario and Quebec are some of the richest known mining areas. What more natural inference than that there are mineral fortunes hidden in Labrador too? It was the result of such suppositions and indirectly of the increased value of gold through the Depression and the "New Deal" that gave me the chance to see the biggest part of the country by the only practicable means for present day exploration, the air.

"Aboluktok" in Kyak

About three years ago a pilot of Canadian Airways, that hardy group of air adventurers who will fly you anywhere, any time that is reasonably safe, and often under conditions that would stagger the imagination, obtained from an Indian a sample of mineralized quartz that gave promise of coming from a vein bearing gold in large quantities. He flew into the interior by directions and located an area which he later secured as a concession from the Newfoundland government. Others immediately got concessions from the government in surrounding areas and this past summer, concentrating in four main outfits and a fifth government group, they made an accurate survey and sampling of their veins in an effort to find out what this rumor of gold amounted to.

All the work was done by airplane for several reasons, the chief one being that the season for prospecting in the interior is about three months long and that a trip in by the only other method, canoe and portaging, takes five to eight weeks. The southern interior is a plateau from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, a mass of lakes and heavily wooded, from which no hills rise over 2,000 feet. The planes used naturally must be seaplanes and the difficulties in finding landing places are never great. When I mention the southern interior, don't look it up on any map previous to 1929, for it was in that year that the Privy Council in England awarded to Newfoundland, after a long dispute with Quebec, a large additional area for Labrador. And don't believe much that you





[Upper] 5,000 feet above the famous Grand Falls
[Lower] Pacific and Island near Hebron

see on the map anyhow, except for the general boundaries, for at best they are grossly incorrect and serve only as general guides to the explorer.

I left East Boston airport on August 2 for Rimouski, Quebec, to relieve a pilot friend of mine who had already been flying for the outfit for five weeks. At Rimouski we met the expedition plane which had flown down the Gulf of St. Lawrence to meet us and the next day, having "swapped horses," I flew the Wasp-powered Fairchild cabin plane north, guided by "Charlie" Hubbard, Harvard, '24 and twice an All American football selection. He was the leader of our immediate group of four, comprising the Yankee contingent of the outfit of eleven that represented the Labrador Gold Mining Company, Ltd. of St. John, Newfoundland. Our jumping-off place was Moisie, Quebec, on the north shore of the Gulf and it was from this point that the other pilot had made seven trips into the interior, flying in personnel, canoes, supplies, and baggage attendant to such an expedition.

When the two of us arrived at the base camp at Lake Wabush Katsoa with the last load of supplies necessary for the summer we found preparations about complete for a little aerial prospecting on the part of our own four. The combination of coast and interior are known to Hubbard about as well as to anybody. Both he and the co-leader of our four, Walter Averill, a forestry engineer of Bangor, Maine, on previous trips into the country for such diversified reasons as aerial mapping for the American Geographical Society and for obtaining breeding animals for proposed fur farms in the States, had picked up many stories and rumors of gold from the natives, Indians, and Eskimos. Now was the time to follow these up if ever, for there was available the services of both a suitable plane and an expert geologist, Doctor Goransen of the Harvard faculty.

The first day's trip from Wabush Katsoa (Indian for "Rabbit Mountain") took us over the Grand Falls. Here we gazed on a sight seen by few men, the second largest falls in the world. Because they are almost twice as high as Niagara and have almost the same volume of water, we were able to see the spray in the gorge below, forty miles away. Here in the space of fifteen miles or so the Hamilton River drops a total of about 900 feet with several nearby falls adding to the grandeur of the greatest by comparison. Two of these differing in size and beauty were named by Hubbard, for rather obvious reasons, the "Harvard and Yale" falls. For almost a week we were making camps about seventy-five miles from this section at places that we figured to be almost 200 miles from the nearest human being; and you must admit that that's getting back into elbow room. Numerous quartz veins were located from remembered trappers' stories and examined by "Doc" Goransen with only negative results.

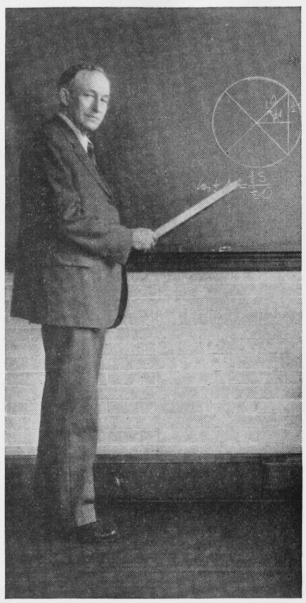
A week here, after which we laid down a cache of spare supplies for possible use in future years, and we came out to Northwest River. It was necessary, always, to plan our trips ahead, sometimes to use gasoline laid down by cacheing trips before starting the actual trip, but always to figure things out so that we could get out to civilization with about a fifth or a quarter of our 160 gallon tanks left to take care of any reasonable emergency such as head winds or losing our way. [*Continued on page 18*]

[*Upper*] *Making a cache at Seal Lake*
[*Lower*] *Part of Base Camp, Pagle Bay, Lake Wabush, Katsoa*

"Mathematics at Work"

By PROFESSOR LLEWELLYN R. PERKINS,
Head of the Department of Mathematics, Co-author of "Elementary Mathematical Analysis"

HAVE you ever speculated upon the influence of the Greek slave upon his Roman master? Trained in the many Greek arts of expression and learned in all the organized knowledge of the times, his strength became his weakness when pitted against the more warlike Roman. He was vanquished and carried away to make himself useful in every conceivable way to his less civilized conqueror. The Greek slave became not only a humble servant to do the most arduous and menial tasks but he became the skilled artizan and the teacher of his master's children to acquaint them with all that his civilization had acquired through centuries. A servant in the fullest sense of the word, he became torch-bearer of all that was best in the Greek, Hebrew, and Egyptian civilizations and passed the torch faithfully into the firm hands of the young Romans in his care.



Professor Perkins

We recognize and acknowledge our debt to the proud Athenian citizen of the Golden Age but do we fully realize that the humbled Greek captive probably did more, far more to hold the ground gained by man in his slow progress up to becoming a thinking animal?

Mathematics is very like the Greek slave in many ways. It is and always has been the torch-bearer that held fast to and carried forward into each new age all of the progress that man has made as a reasoning being. Other agencies have preserved his art, his ideals, and his emotions but mathematics has crystalized out of the solution of his civilization the clear crystals of logic in forms that have grown more perfect as each generation of thinkers has polished them by use. Since mathematics is a natural and exact picture of the way man's thinking machinery works when it is in the best running order, this picture will be a likeness just so long as the human logical faculty continues to operate upon the same principles that now actuate it.

Like the Greek captive mathematics is a faithful slave, at its best when busy serving at some useful task. This is so patent a fact that the policy of the department of Mathematics at Middlebury College is shaped with "Mathematics at Work" as its motto.

Experience has proved that there are four groups of students taking mathematics at Middlebury College. In order of numbers they are (1) those who will make use of mathematics in some business, banking, or commercial enterprise; (2) those who will teach mathematics in secondary schools; (3) those who will use their mathematics in advanced work in other scientific fields; and (4) those who plan to go further in the field of mathematics itself.

Regardless of the above classification the great majority of freshmen, like the great majority of people in general, have little conception of the use or the usefulness of mathematics. To everybody having adequate preparation, therefore, a semi-philosophical course is given in the freshman year—a course designed to make clear "what it is all about" and at the same time carry completely through the most important scientific application of mathematics, the discovery of a scientific law from the table of laboratory readings obtained by experiment.

For those who belong in the first group, a thorough course in the mathematics of investment, depreciation, amortization, banking, building loan, annuities, life annuities, pensions, and life-insurance is advised for the sophomore or junior year. If this course is followed up by a course on the principles of accounting given by the department of [*Continued on page 19*]

Middlebury Vespers

By ARTHUR W. HEWITT, HON. D.D., '23
Most Revered of the Visiting Chapel Speakers

IN the old Governor Winthrop desk at Highland Manse is the manuscript of a book bearing the above title. It will never be published, of course, for it contains the sermons I have preached in the Mead Memorial Chapel, preserved only as safeguards against repetition. I do sometimes wish I could publish its dedication: "To the President and Fellows of Middlebury College, for honors conferred on a rural preacher while he was still young enough to be encouraged by them." But now, at the invitation of the NEWS LETTER to tell the feelings of a college preacher, I will at least write a preface to the omitted book

Doctor Hewitt

"*Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis.*"

So Ovid told me when I was a boy, and I have often remembered the picture as at sunset I have walked up the long ramp facing those sublime pillars of the chapel on the hill. The chimes in the steeple were singing to the glory of God, and I knew that in just a few minutes I should be face to face with Middlebury College. O no! Not like an ordinary engagement for speaking, these moments are filled with sacramental solemnity, with eager realization of the importance of the opportunity and its pathetic evanescence. The pastor of a church may come again and again to the same congregation. With the college preacher it is once in a life-time,or once a year, or if he is very happy as I have been, it may be once in October and again in March. But if it were every Sunday, still in four years the audience would be wholly new. A college audience makes one wonder how God must feel, watching the generations of earth as they rise and pass away.

"O Jesus thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door."

It is the processional hymn. The chapel doors open and the preacher's heart begins to lift as, two by two, down the long aisle the black-robed singers come, dividing right and left, as they ascend the chancel stairs.

The inevitable moment comes. How does it feel to stand there in the pulpit, facing the assembled college?

The thrill of the challenge comes first. A college preacher is sure that he has before him the very best, or the very worst, audience on earth, and which it is to be depends on him. If by any mercy of God he may win and please his hearers, their response, their eagerness, their loyalty, is nowhere equalled in any other audience. But if the speaker does not win them, it is just futile misery, that is all. Nothing is to be taken for granted. The college is all here, to be sure. But some are here by free moral agency and others by predestination. Those bright eyes at the speaker's left are not looking out of the faces of elderly members of the Ladies' Aid, adoring whatever the dear young pastor may say. That satisfied look of the young man on the right may express profound appreciation of the speaker or, more likely, it is satisfaction at what somebody else has said on the morning hike to Bread Loaf. Here we are, get us if you can! I have weathered and won many a legislative debate, but I sometimes think that in a college pulpit one feels even more like a swordsman in the arena. God bless Mary Alice for giving me early light! "We are glad when you come! We *listen* to you." "But don't you always go to Vespers?" "Yes, we have to go. We always try a speaker for a few sentences and if we don't like him, we think our own thoughts."

"Our own thoughts!" Yet, after all, that terrifying glimpse of the mental scatteration of a college audience out from under the unsuspecting *domine* offers him a key to real supremacy. "Our own thoughts." What are they? In items, we may not know, but in [*Continued on page 19*]

Glimpses of Iceland

By VERNON C. HARRINGTON, '91

ALL one can hope to do in a brief article about Iceland is to point out some of the facts of its physical characteristics and history which gain a certain vividness from even a short visit to the country; it may be in order to add also some observations as to present-day Iceland.

A Pass near the Valley of the Parliament

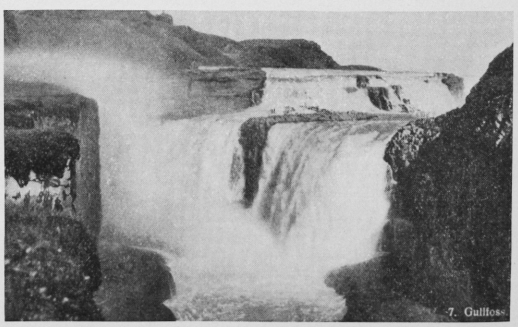
Iceland lies just below the Arctic Circle nearly 600 miles west of Norway and only about 160 miles from Greenland. But whereas Greenland's ports are open only five months of the year, Iceland's ports are open the year round. This is due to the fact that a branch of the Gulf Stream washes the south and west sides of Iceland, while the Arctic Current comes down along the Greenland coast. One consequence of the Gulf Stream is that Iceland has in the south a very moderate temperature—summer average 48 degrees, winter average 32 degrees; it is considerably colder in the north. Another consequence is that there is a very heavy rainfall in the south, while the rainfall in the north is much less.

The total area of Iceland is about 40,000 square miles, but of this only 15 per cent is usable land, i.e. cultivated land, meadows, and pastures. The main interior part of the island is an uneven tableland, 1,500 to 4,000 feet above the sea, running up to mountains of over 6,000 feet. This tableland is entirely uninhabitable. It is a waste of mountains, glaciers, lava fields, volcanic ashes, and drifting sand. The land which can be called productive at all is chiefly in the south and west, and the soil is very thin and poor. It seems hardly more than crumbled lava, and even in the best part of the south, between the fertile areas, one drives over miles of country that look exactly like the slag heap from a blast furnace.

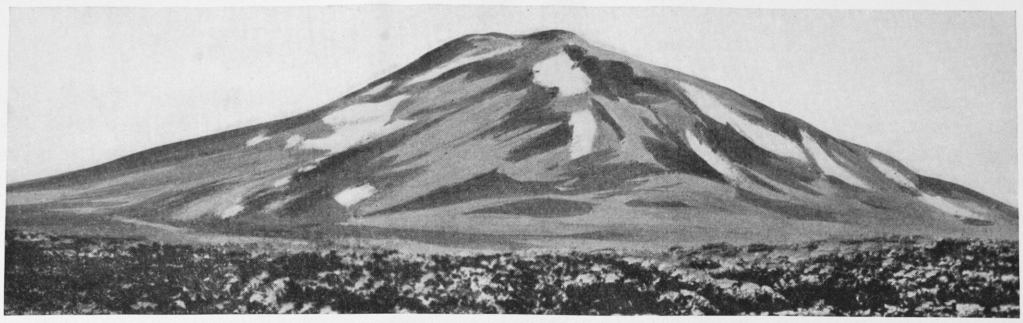
Iceland has upwards of 5,000 square miles of glaciers and snowfield—one-eighth of the total area. More than 120 glaciers are known in the island. The largest of these, the Vatna Glacier in the southeast, covers 3,280 square miles. From this ice and snow sheet great tongues of ice come down between the mountains of the coast almost to the ocean's edge and were among the first sights of Iceland we had as the steamer approached last summer. Several other glaciers have areas of 500 to 200 square miles and so on down.

As to volcanoes: 107 volcanoes are definitely counted, many of them long ago extinct, but a

The High School at Laugarvatn



The Gullfoss (Golden Fall) . One of the finest waterfalls in Iceland



Volcanic Hekla—anciently known as the mouth of Hell

considerable number active within the historical period of the country. The most widely known is Hekla, but this is not by any means the largest nor the most dangerous, although it has had eighteen eruptions in the past 1,000 years, the last one in 1845. Katla has been in eruption thirteen times since the country was settled, the latest 1860. Askja is the largest of all, with a crater whose area is 34 square miles. It was terrifically active in 1875 and has had minor activities as late as 1926. Laki's great craters have erupted only once—for five months in 1783—but that one period of eruption proved to be the vastest disaster of this kind in the recorded history of the island.

The extent and destructiveness of such eruptions is almost incredible. The lava and ashes we expect would be there, but we forget that the heat melts vast quantities of snow so that floods from this also rush down upon the lowlands; also the gases spread out to great distances and ruin the vegetation and in some instances even the water and air become poisoned. Thus the eruptions of Laki in 1783 caused the death of one-half of the livestock in the island and, as a direct consequence of this, 9,500 people died of starvation.

The country, as would be expected, has some geysers and an immense number of hot springs. Any view of valley or mountain-side will include the steam from hot springs. We found many people camping out on their vacation. The technique of camping has to be completely revised. There being no wood, the camper has no fire, but he finds a convenient hot spring; by it he pitches his tent and there the family does the washing and cooking. We saw the washing hanging up to dry, and now vegetables for dinner were boiling merrily in a kettle set into the spring. An area in which hot springs abound is, seen from the hill above, speckled over with the tents of campers.

The water of such springs is also led into buildings for heating and washing purposes. At Reykjavik a hot spring has been piped into a large public laundry, where facilities for drying the clothes are also furnished by the city. Probably 50 miles from Reykjavik, we stayed over night at a high school which, with several buildings besides the main one, is all heated by a hot water system provided by a great spring on the shore of the lake. The spring is lower a good deal than the school buildings, but they capped the boiling spring and its own pressure forces the water through the radiators of the whole system.

Iceland's resources are very meager. Fishing along the coasts and sheep and cattle raising on the coast-lands are the chief means of subsistence. Fish and fish-products make up 85 per cent of the total annual exports at the present time. There are no mineral deposits of any consequence, no coal except a few very thin seams of lignite, no petroleum, no forests, no cereal crops, no fruit in any quantity. Some peat is found, but only in very limited amounts. Wood, coal, gasoline, kerosene, iron goods, cement, tools, and so on—all have to be brought in. The country has enormous resources in waterfalls, calculated at almost 4,000,000 horsepower, in her rivers that come down from the ice. Her largest waterfall is the Dettifoss in the north, which has been, probably with good reason, compared to Niagara, but is admittedly smaller. Next in order comes the Gullfoss, some 70 miles north- [*Continued on page 20*]

Reconditioning Your Library

By THE EDITOR

THE principal purpose of a liberal arts college is to offer students the stimulus and the preparation for continuing their own education. Nothing reflects the success of this program more than the libraries of alumni, for books are the principal tools with which that education is continued. After graduation, however, one's field becomes specialized, and with it one's books. The general reading list that the alumnus intended to enlarge as soon as his post-college salary permitted, is neglected. Advertising plays such a large part in keeping one's library up to date, that the person whose business is not books is often at a loss to determine the titles that might be in his collection.

Following the suggestion from several alumni that such a list be revived in order to assist in building up inadequate personal libraries, twenty-five faculty members were appointed as a committee to make selections of titles which they consider indispensable to their own libraries. From these we have selected only the titles noted by several on the committee. The Bible, Shakespeare, and reference books are omitted. The list is presented in order of faculty preference.

Odyssey	Homer
Faust	Goethe
Don Quixote	Cervantes
Republic—Dialogues	Plato
Alice in Wonderland	Carroll
Essays	Emerson
Magic Mountain	Mann
Collected Poems	Browning
War and Peace	Tolstoi
Divine Comedy	Dante
Pilgrim's Progress	Bunyan
Nature of the Physical World	Eddington
Collected Poems	Frost
Canterbury Tales	Chaucer
Cyrano de Bergerac	Rostand
Selected Plays	Ibsen
Jean-Christophe	Rolland
Epic of America	Adams
Brothers Karamazov	Dostoevskii
Forsyte Saga	Galsworthy
Candide	Voltaire
Winnie-the-Pooh	Milne
Moby Dick	Melville
Return of the Native	Hardy
Decameron	Boccaccio
Anthony Adverse	Allen
Collected Poems	Shelley
Outline of History	Wells
Romance of Leonardo da Vinci	Merejkowski
Huckleberry Finn	Twain
Anna Karenina	Tolstoi
Kristin Lavransdatter	Undset
The Universe Around Us	Jeans
Paradise Lost	Milton
Life of Samuel Johnson	Boswell
Les Miserables	Hugo
Modern American and British Poetry	Untermeyer
Pride and Prejudice	Austen
Bucolics	Virgil
Lord Jim	Conrad
Crime and Punishment	Dostoevskii
Confessions	Rousseau
The Materials of Life	Parsons
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam	Fitzgerald Version

More than three centuries ago Bacon commented that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Organizing a library at that time was less of a problem than it is now and he failed to add that a library is the index of one's liberal education. We anticipate that there will be disagreement with the selection and will welcome your comments.

To be completely satisfactory to the individual, a library must be made up of one's own choices. But most people are led to the *discovery* of particular authors by suggestions from other readers. We merely "suggest" these to alumni who might wish to weigh their own collection with what a representative group of Middlebury faculty members has on its shelves. They are presented as books worth considering for a permanent collection.

For inclusion in an alumni list, we would appreciate receiving other library suggestions from you.

The Middlebury College
NEWS LETTER

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNI
AND OF THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
PUBLISHED BY THE COLLEGE AT
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

Editorial Board
STORRS LEE, '28, Editor
EDGAR J. WILEY, '13 MRS. DOROTHY PURDY, '22
FRANCES H. WARNER,'05 D. HOWARD MOREAU,'20

THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE PRESS

DECEMBER, 1933

MORE SWIFTS, MORE WRIGHTS

ONE hundred forty-five men were tentatively accepted for the entering class previous to registration. If all had enrolled they would have made the largest class in Middlebury's history. When the number dropped to ninety-one the Admissions and the Editor's offices introduced at once a brief "efficiency expert" campaign to discover the reasons for the slump. Mr. Wiley found that in almost every case finances were responsible for the withdrawal of the fifty-four sub-freshmen and he passed on the statement that the securing of greater numbers of applicants is the only way of evading this financial exigency in the future. It fell to the Editor's office to discover what influences bring the majority to Middlebury and what could bring a higher percentage of the numbers—usually about 850—which annually inquire about the College.

A survey was taken in all four classes and revealed that University of Vermont graduates urged three here. One came because "Middlebury is off the beaten track"; another because our "morals are good"; another to cure his hay fever. A freshman liked our "pastoral situation," and his classmate wanted "fresh experiences of environment and freedom from the sophisticated bustle of the large university." A Glee Club broadcast first interested two undergraduates. Ten are here expressly because their sisters came before them, although one of these regrets having to live on her sister's reputation. A Bread Loaf poster pointed one to Middlebury. One needed social training, and another actually enrolled because of the Bible requirement.

But to reach into the stronger influences, nearly half of the enrollment in both men's and women's colleges indicated that the location was a deciding factor. Although an Environs Bulletin was published only last June and would affect the entering class of 181 alone, forty men and twenty-one women noted this publicity medium as an influence in their choice of a college. This is particularly significant since the majority of women had already been accepted at the date, and a good proportion of the men.

The catalogue is obviously the most necessary publication. 225 were impressed with Middlebury through this bulletin. The Book of Views, or Sketch Book, helped to direct ninety-two men and sixty-five women and is second as an indispensable publication. The limited size of the College affects the entrance of about one quarter of the student body.

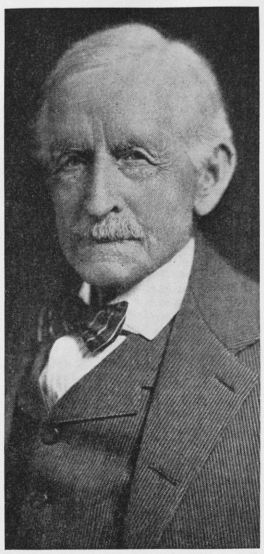
Newspaper publicity, parents, undergraduates, or a collective impression of the undergraduate body, our democratic spirit, possibilities for contact with faculty, co-education, Middlebury moving pictures, scholastic reputation, the language schools, all contributed in making the present enrollment of 628.

In most cases, an individual entered Middlebury through a variety of influences, and outstanding among these is the body of alumni. According to the survey there are 248 alumni propagandists who helped to urge undergraduates to their Alma Mater. The work of these men and women is far and above the most valuable assistance that the Admissions and Editor's Offices receive. It is indispensable to our enrollment. Individual honors as Middlebury propagandists went to [*Continued on page 21*]

Ninety-Nine Years

IT was August, 1850.

"Fifty years are now elapsed since Middlebury College took its place among the Literary Institutions of our country, and we are assembled to celebrate, with appropriate exercises and festivities, its Semi-Centennial Anniversary. . . . You represent, gentlemen, all the learned professions and many of the most important avocations in life. I see before me, statesmen, politicians, college officers, jurists, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, editors, teachers, and men of business. And your places of abode are not less diverse, than your occupations. The cities and prairies of the great West, the towns and cities of the extreme East, the sunny climes of the South, and the frost bound dominions of Queen Victoria, have sent hither delegates. The old Key-stone has not forgotten us, and the great Empire has furnished a generous representation . . . Of whatever profession or occupation, or whatever town, or state, or country, you come, we say from our hearts, *welcome, welcome,* to the old homestead, sons of Middlebury."



Oldest Alumnus, '54

Seated between his parents in the galleries of the Congregational Church, Edward Wilcox, a sub-freshman, listened with awe to the Semi-Centennial address of President Labaree. In a few weeks he would be a regular student at Middlebury College. This great gathering was making him eager to become more closely identified with the institution sponsoring this day of days.

Outside, the streets were filled with people from the surrounding county, and several trains of cars arriving through the day had contributed toward making the village appear more nearly the city. Edward, who had always lived in Middlebury, in the old Wilcox house, now a college dormitory, had never seen such crowds even at Fair time. This spectacle was his introduction to college, and after entering he found little of a spectacular nature during the four years to compare with it.

Mr. Wilcox, the oldest Middlebury alumnus, who will be 99 on December thirty-first, recalls that there were but two campus buildings at that time. In the Old Chapel were classrooms, the library, a huge assembly room, and the chemical laboratory in the basement. In Painter Hall the fireplaces had been abandoned in favor of small stoves. Kerosene lamps furnished the only light. For water supply students had to dash out on cold mornings with a wooden pail to the cistern west of the chapel. Most of the dormitory students cared for their own rooms, though the services of an old negro, "Prof." Dolby (not on the regular faculty list), could be secured by the more plutocratic men.

Though Dr. Labaree was absent from the college a good share of the time, endeavoring to secure financial assistance for the college, he was firm in his religious dictatorship. There were prayers in Chapel before the opening of each school day and the Sabbath was still commemorated in Puritan style. Monitors, sent to each of the town churches, checked on regular Sunday attendance. Unexcused absence was a grave offense.

Students lived in an atmosphere of austerity. Mr. Wilcox remembers no college songs, no cheers, few social events, no organized athletics. College offered a Spartan life, compared with undergraduate life of today. An attitude on the part of a student other than one of profound earnestness was generally unknown, for all attended college at the sacrifice of parents. The college was suspended altogether during midwinter because of the cold, [*Continued on page 21*]

Campus Motifs

EMERITUS. Miss Minnie Hayden, who has been connected with the Music Department since 1921, became instructor emeritus in September. Credited to her is the germ for the organization of the special summer schools which started under her leadership in Music in 1913. She was also instrumental in planning the present Music Studio and in establishing the Choral Club. Her work with individual members of the Men's Glee Club has been responsible in a large way for its success in intercollegiate contests. East Middlebury is to be her home.

ENROLLMENT. New York State led state representation in the men's college with 99 undergraduates. Vermont had the largest delegation in the women's college with 88. Highest state totals for both colleges: Vermont, 166; New York, 152; Massachusetts, 136; Connecticut, 57, and New Jersey, 57; New Hampshire, 28. Total registration, 628: 320 men, 308 women.

FACULTY CHANGES. Four members were added to the college faculty for the current year to fill vacancies in the departments of French, Music, and Economics, and in the College Library. Dr. Philip M. Brown, from the Economics Department of Brown University, is supplying for Professor H. M. Fife, who is spending the first semester in Ottawa completing his Ph. D. thesis, and the last months of leave in Europe studying conditions in Russia. Professor Charles A. Adams, '95 also on sabbatical, is traveling in the United States and western Europe. Other additions: Mrs. Amory D. Seaver to the Music Department; Mme. Renee Zaya to the French Department, in the place of Mme. Francois Nollet who has returned to France; and Miss Viola C. White to the college library, as curator of the Abernethy Wing, in the place of Mrs. Harriet S. Potter, '15 who is continuing her studies at Middlebury.

PLEDGES. Undergraduate economy is considered responsible for a drop of nineteen in fraternity pledges over the total of last year. Only 71 freshmen and three upperclassmen accepted buttons at the end of the rushing period. Tallies: Chi Psi, 14; Delta Upsilon, 14; Beta Kappa, 13; Delta Kappa Epsilon, 12; Alpha Sigma Phi, 8; Kappa Delta Rho, 8; Sigma Phi Epsilon, 6. Sororities did no rushing.

MOUNTAINEERS. Nearly half of the student body of both men's and women's colleges joined the Mountain Club during the membership drive in October, making the organization the largest of its type among American Colleges.

NAMES. In family name only twenty-three colleges are currently represented in the Middlebury enrollment. Brown, Smith, Clark, Williams, and Taylor are the most popular choices of college names. Wide sectional variety is significant, from Maine's Bates, to South Carolina's Erskin, and from Nebraska's Hastings to Oregon's Reid. There are two Barnards, a Baker, a Duke, two Knoxes, Worcester, Pratt, Manchester, and Hunter. Indiscriminately, men represent women's colleges, and women, men's; Smith and Vasser share the same suite in Starr Hall.

CONFESSIONS. To hear the famous drama critic and NEW YORKER columnist, Alexander Woollcott, students and visitors thronged the college library in such numbers on October 16 that the program had to be transferred to Mead Chapel. Radio, journalistic experiences, memories of the World War, the stage, and education, all entered Mr. Woollcott's address on "Confessions of a Dying Newspaper Man."

DANCERS. Ted Shawn with an ensemble of men returned to Middlebury on October 24 to give interpretations of his latest dance compositions.

DRAMA. The Little Theatre season opened on October 27 with the presentation of Shaw's "Arms and the Man," under the direction of Professor V. Spencer Goodreds. A number of students took minor roles in "Macbeth" given by a company of Shakespearean players featuring James Hendrickson and Claire Bruce in the gymnasium on November 24. "Suppressed Desires" and "The Pot-Boiler," one-act plays, were presented on November 30.

EXHIBIT. The student government association inaugurated a new cultural program when Miss Hilda Belcher, famous portrait artist and illustrator, exhibited forty of her oils and watercolors in the social rooms of Pearsons Hall on November 2 and 3.

SONGS. "Hail to the White and Blue," words and music by Vincent Sargent, '34, merited first prize offered by the CAMPUS for the most acceptable new college song. Honorable mention went to Walter Boehm, '35, for his Rally song, and to Sidney White. '36, for original music to the Rallying song, used for several years as the Alma Mater.

HOMECOMING. Over two hundred replicas of Gamaliel Painter's cane were presented alumni and alumnae who registered at the fall homecoming on November 10, 11, and 12. To the usual program were added: a mock football contest between the halves of the Norwich game, "The Old Timers vs. the Youngsters," staged by the freshmen; and exterior decorations of all fraternity houses. Delta Upsilon was awarded first place for its display, Beta Kappa, honorable mention. Douglas L. Jocelyn, '34, Blue Key President, Junior Marshall 1933, Waubanakee member, Varsity guard, was presented the $250 Alumni Award by Richard Paul, '31, member of the Alumni Fund Committee. The Alumni-Faculty tea at the home of President Moody and the M Club informal in the gymnasium were the social highlights.

EVEREST. The most stupendous aerial photographs ever taken of mountains were shown at the Town Hall on November 28 when Air Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes, leader of the famous Asiatic expedition of last April, described the conquest of Mount Everest in lecture and film.

CARNIVAL. February 10, 11, and 12 have been announced by the Mountain Club as the dates for the 1934 Winter Carnival. It is hoped that a new ski jump now being erected on Chipman Hill by the Club will be completed in time for the festivities.

As They Might Have Seen It

Script By ROSE MARTIN, *Assistant Professor of Spanish*

The 1933 football season is on.

The women have been complaining about too many prejudiced men talking football and the men have been complaining about too many men talking prejudiced football and so we have a long line of radio champions to give you the plays this year, each from a new angle, each with a new point of view, and to satisfy the alumnae, women will do some of the talking. This early in the season we can not predict what little Middlebury is going to do with teams like B. U. or Williams or Tufts. They're green, mostly composed of 1932 substitute material, but they look like a scrappy bunch. Everyone on the squad is backing Beck's game, Beck is backing them, and the student body is clinging to the bandwagon.

The boys are on the field. Coach Beck is pacing up and down by the benches. There's the kickoff. Take the mike, Will. Are you there Rogers?

(BOSTON UNIVERSITY) Wall, I see where the Middlebury boys live up to the NRA as far as the Boston Terriers is concerned—no runs allowed! The Blue Eagle sure felt he was wearin' the right color when it came home to roost with a placard saying "7-0" in his beak. If the government could have got the revenue from light wines and beers that Coach Beck got out of light lines and cheers, prosperity would be just between the goal standards. We had the hull game sewed up from the start and if somebody hadn't of walked under a ladder, or broke a mirror, or somethin', we'd have piled a score higher'n the French debts. 'Course, it's early to prophesy but if all the inflation keeps in the football and don't get into the boys' heads, I calculate we're goin' to have a New Deal in our game of football. Dr. Deems Taylor is waiting.

(WILLIAMS) Psychologically speaking, the enormous physical proportion of the gentlemen composing the aggregation representing the defenders of the Purple of Colegii Williamsi should have inspired an unmitigated terror into the hearts of the indomitable warriors from Middlebury. But Siegfried himself could not have displayed a more dazzling exhibition of sheer determination to overpower adversity. The curtain rises with a gentle prelude in which the two teams can be seen testing the fortitude of each others *modus defensi*. In the first act we witness a carefully built up crescendo ending in a note of frustration when the curtain falls with the ball on the 3 yd. line. In the second act, the dominant theme seems to be one of Hope Deferred as a drop-kick goes wild and a pass is incomplete as the curtain falls. The third act opens with a triumphal march ending in a drop-kick by Williams, the decisive factor in this powerful drama of Brain and Brawn. A stupendous exhibition of heroism climaxes the last scene of that act when four times the Purple storms the wall, and four times, nay, five times they are repulsed. Act IV served the purpose of conveying to the ecstatic audience the impression of soldiers marching on and on—"Forever Victory." The applause was deafening as the final curtain drops. I understand that Mr. James Durante is to follow me.

(TUFTS) Wotta day! Wotta day! Didja ever have de feelin' dat yuh wanted to go an' yet have de feelin' dat yuh wanted to stay? Well, strike me pink if dat ain't de feelin' I had when I seen dem big bruisers from Tufts—an' did dey moider our fellas; ask me, did dey moider dem! Nuttin' to nuttin', de foist period—second period, McLean of Tufts makes de ole pigskin say "Uncle"—Oh, de humiliation of it! Was my face red? Thoid period, de Midd boys wid dere nose to de grindstone an' me wide mine in de grandstand an' somethin' clicked—Hacha!! Boehm, takin' a double spinner, runs 32 yards and puts de ball down fur 6 pernts. 6–6! an' am I rejuvinated, am I rejuvinated?! But, oh de agony uh de last quarter! Two more touchdowns fur Tufts! Our guys did de best dey could—dey was Panthers fur speed an' trick plays—but it wasn't in de cards, dat's all! Was I mortified? Was I mortfied? Take it away, Baron Munchausen.

(COAST GUARD) Yaw, yaw! Vot a feetpall

game, Sharlie!—Middlepury und de Ghost cards—mit a final score of 200–60. You neffer hert such a score? Vell, you never seen such a game! Yaw, yaw, und vot means an extra zero—nodding, Sharlie, nodding! Yaw, yaw! My cousin, Hugo Boehm, picked ub de ball from hiss own fife yart line, ran ub de field on de ride site und beck down on de left—Vas ist los? Vhy, Sharlie, I don't know my feetpall? Yaw, yaw! You don't known my cousin, Hugo! He coult hev done dat if he'd awanted to. Yaw, yaw! Vel, anyway, he soon rumped down de line for another touchmedown! I vent to see my odder cousin Zawistoski petween halfs und a man set to me "You're encoachin' on our territory," und I set, Yaw, yaw!"No," I set, "Yaw, yaw!" I set "I'm end-coaching on our own territory" Yaw, yaw! Und I set to Zawie "I'll giff you a buck if you'll giff de line one"—Yaw, yaw! und he dit und ve got 60 more. Vot, you don't belief me? Vell, vus you dair, Sharlie? Roy, Roy Atvell, are *you* dair?

(ST. ANSELM'S) Well, my dear Fiddlebury mans—I mean—er—My Fear Middlebury Dans—er—er Middlebury fans, I came from New York on the focal lyer—er—er— the local flyer to cast the game broad—I mean—to broad the game cast—er to shell you the tory—er—to tell you the story of St. Anselm's scailing to fore,—failing to score against Middle Littlebury—Little Middlebury. After a series of pine lunges, that is to say, line plunges, and after both sides bumbled the fall, I mean—fumbled the ball, Williams and Boehm bass the pall—pass the ball and Boehm touches a score down, that is, downs a touch score,—scores a touch down. The tame germinated er—the game terminated with St. Anselm's within a score of footing—within a fore of—Oh, Pet it lass,—let it pass! Acie Grallen, come on Gracie Allen.

(ST. MICHAEL'S) Oh, George, I saw the sweetest game Saturday! My nefoo got me a ticket half price, 'cause he said they charged according to wits—wasn't he sweet? Did you know they had a radio station at St. Michael's? Well, they call their men mikemen—and our boys are the Beckmen, on account of the quarterbeck, the halfbeck, and the fullbeck, my nefoo said. George, I do like the Middlebury colors they go so well with my little blue hat. But, honest, George, I never saw anything so stubborn as both those teams—they'd hardly let anybody even run. Why, when I saw Boehm the next day without a guard around his neck, I hardly knew him! An' you know, George, the saddest part of it is that nobody got anything—I asked somebody how high the score was and you could have knocked me over with a hammer, because I thought somebody got something everytime that little man blew his whistle. Oh, Mrs. Pennyfeather, did you see the Norwich game?

(NORWICH) I told my nephew, Elmer, that I can't see why they called the Norwich boys Horsemen when it was the cunning little boys in the dirty white shirts who looked like the jockeys at Saratoga. Besides, Elmer himself said that our middlemen "rode" the Horsemen all afternoon. I don't understand the game perfectly, but I did enjoy seeing the Williams boy call out, "1-2-3-Go!" and then everybody started wrestling trying to get the ball. You can imagine 22 men and only one "sheep-skin!!" One of the boys in a lovely fall shade of maroon sweater caught the ball and put it down on the latticed part. He got 6 for doing that, Elmer said. Soon our Hoxie did the same—I asked Elmer why he didn't use the same lattice and he said he'd explain it during summer vacation when we'd have more time. Elmer really is so sweet and thoughtful. But he made me sort of angry calling that nice Boehm boy "shifty." Still, he said that was how he was able to make the two touchdowns. After the game, Elmer said Williams had made a touch-down, and Evans had made two. I mustn't forget to ask him who won, or maybe Mr. MacNamee can tell me.

(VERMONT)* Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience! Your announcer is Graham MacNamee, speaking from the Snows Bowl in Burlington where the classic Vermont gridiron drama of the year is about to be unrolled before us. It's a frigid day, folks, with the mercury at a new low, and a polar gale sweeping the field where all but an inch of snow has been removed and where twenty-two men are –heh–warming up. It's a great big game, ladies and gentlemen, on this frozen turf, flanked with three foot snow banks, because this afternoon we decide the State series title and the New England championship as well. The Mighty

[*Continued on page 21*]

*By JAMES TYLOR. '34.

SPORTS CALENDAR

Date	*Sport*	*Opponent*	*Place*	*Score**
Sept. 30	Football	Boston U.	Boston	7–0
Oct. 7	Football	Williams	Williamstown	3–0
Oct. 14	Football	Tufts	Middlebury	6–20
Oct. 14	Frosh Football	Union	Schenectady	0–0
Oct. 21	Football	Coast Guard	New London	20–6
Oct. 21	Frosh Football	Green Mt.	Middlebury	12–7
Oct. 21	Cross Country	Union	Schenectady	36–19
Oct. 27	Frosh Football	Vermont	Middlebury	0–0
Oct. 28	Football	St. Anslems	Middlebury	7–0
Oct. 28	Cross Country	Williams	Middlebury	29–26
Nov. 4	Football	St. Michael's	Burlington	0–0
Nov. 4	Frosh Football	Mont. Sem.	Montpelier	0–13
Nov. 4	Cross Country	R. P. I.	Middlebury	19–36
Nov. 11	Football	Norwich	Middlebury	39–6
Nov. 11	Cross Country	Hamilton	Clinton	15–40
Nov. 25	Football	Vermont	Burlington	19–13
Nov. 25	Cross Country	Vermont	Burlington	17–38
Nov. 25	Frosh Cross Country	Vermont	Burlington	22–33

*Middlebury first in column

Date	*Sport*	*Opponent*	*Place*
Dec. 9	Basketball	Union	Middlebury
Dec. 15	Basketball	U. S. Coast Guards	New London
Dec. 16	Basketball	Stamford A. C.	Stamford
Jan. 6	Hockey	Union	Middlebury
Jan. 9	Hockey	Williams	Williamstown
Jan. 10	Hockey	Mass. State	Amherst
Jan. 11	Basketball	Mass. State	Amherst
Jan. 12	Basketball	Brown	Providence
Jan. 13	Basketball	Northeastern	Boston
Jan. 13	Hockey	Hamilton	Clinton
Jan. 18	Basketball	Arnold	Middlebury
Jan. 20	Hockey	St. Michael's*	Middlebury
Feb. 2	Basketball	Vermont	Burlington
Feb. 2	Hockey	Colgate	Middlebury
Feb. 3	Hockey	Mass. State	Middlebury
Feb. 5	Basketball	Norwich	Northfield
Feb. 8	Basketball	Springfield College	Middlebury
Feb. 8	Hockey	Princeton	Princeton
Feb. 10	Hockey	Union	Schenectady
Feb. 12	Hockey	Alumni	Middlebury
Feb. 12	Hockey	Lake Placid Club*	Middlebury
Feb. 15	Hockey	Brown*	Providence
Feb. 15	Basketball	St. Michael's	Winooski
Feb. 17	Hockey	U. S. Military Academy	West Point
Feb. 20	Basketball	Norwich	Middlebury
Feb. 21	Hockey	Dartmouth	Hanover
Feb. 23	Basketball	St. Michael's	Middlebury
Feb. 27	Basketball	Vermont	Middlebury

*Pending.

A POSSIBLY FORTHCOMING BOOK

THERE is in manuscript a new book by Professor Wright which will be issued by the Middlebury College Press if the response to this announcement proves sufficient to warrant publication. As regards content, the volume will be essentially a continuation of "A Teacher's Avocations," brought out in 1925. The fact that that issue has been for some time exhausted has encouraged the author to believe that another similar volume of miscellany bearing upon Middlebury College life and his own connection with it would be welcomed by not a few; it is to determine the soundness of that belief that the College Press is putting the question before News Letter readers.

It should be understood that the project is in no sense a money-making one. If enough advance subscriptions are not received to warrant the publication of the book at $2.00 postpaid, the plan will be abandoned; and any amount by which those subscriptions exceed the outlay will be applied to lessening the price to purchasers. The readers of this announcement, therefore, who desire to subscribe under these conditions are asked to send a postal card to that effect to the Middlebury College Press, as soon as they conveniently can. The book will in all probability be the last that Professor Wright will issue, and it is believed that much of its content—historical and critical— will be welcome to Middlebury lovers. A prompt response will be greatly appreciated.

THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE PRESS.

PRESIDENT OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION KILLED

EDGAR R. BROWN, '93, National President of the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College, was instantly killed shortly before noon Friday, November 3, in Worcester, Mass., when his automobile was struck by a switching engine as he was on his way to the yard of the Dyke Lumber Company of which he recently became treasurer. Mr. Brown's funeral was held Sunday afternoon November 5 in the Universalist church in North Adams, Mass.

Mr. Brown has been one of the most active and interested of Middlebury alumni and was elected to the National Presidency last June. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Helen Miner Brown; his daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Brown Heath, '18 of Somerville, N. J., and his son, Russell D. Brown, '29, who is with the National City Bank of New York in Manila, Philippine Islands. Mr. Brown was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity and Phi Beta Kappa.

It is seldom that the ranks of Middlebury alumni suffer such a loss as has been felt in the past few months with the deaths of S. J. Preston, '82; G. R. Wales, '87; E. R. Brown, '93; and J. A. Peck, '98. These men were the kind who could be counted on through the years to carry on for Middlebury whatever the cause at stake.

MIDDLEBURY SONGS—SUNG AND UNSUNG

[Continued from page 3]

speeded up musical activity at Middlebury. The dedication of the Starr Library inspired Professor Wright with words for a hymn suited to the tune "Duke Street."

The sacred aisles of praise and prayer
Are not alone Thy temples, Lord;
Within this portal springing fair
The treasures of the times are stored—

The garnered wisdom of the years,
A wisdom, Lord, not ours but Thine,
And where Thy wondrous thought appears
O may we recognize a shrine—

A hallowed shrine where eager youth,
For generations yet to be,
Shall enter, ardent for the truth,
And seeking truth shall learn of Thee.

The presentation of the Latin play "Temporibus Hominis Arpinatis", as another feature of the celebration, introduced a unique musical atmosphere at Middlebury. Any American college can have songs in English, but it is most extraordinary when a whole college goes "Latin." Not only did practically the whole student body think and speak in Latin, but the melodious strains of

"Tollite, tollite
Carmenio, io!"

and several other choice old Latin Hymns re-echoed time and again over the campus. Some of us are still wondering how Professor Sanford and his Latin department did it.

To further honor this 100th birthday of the college our same J. E. Rankin, '48, at that time President of Howard University, but ever retaining his loyalty to his Alma Mater, wrote a *Centennial Hymn* which was set to music by Professor Henckels.

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN

Where thy familiar spire appears,
Dear Alma Mater, we, to-day,
Rise up to crown thine hundred years
Of patient, wise, maternal sway.
Each pulse the wonted landscape thrills;
The same the valley's graceful sweep,
The same the strength of God's green hills,
The fields of gold the farmers reap.

. . . . . .

So long as greets the earth the sun,
As Otter's liquid waters glide,
Still be thy noble office done,
Be truth and grace in thee allied.
Thy sons among the good and great,
Thy daughters, excellent and fair,
In home, in school, or church or state,
The world gives welcome everywhere.

This is reported to have been tremendously impressive when sung by the mixed chorus with orchestra and organ at the Centennial exercises. Though written especially for this occasion, the substitution of honored for hundred in the third line of the first stanza makes the hymn timeless and it is still sung occasionally.

In 1902 was compiled "A collection of songs for the use of the students and alumni of Middlebury College by the class of 1902." That book "Dedicated to the Chapel Bell which has watched over and faithfully guided the footsteps of all of us," has done just what its editors hoped:—"In this, the first song book of Middlebury College, we have tried to make a collection of those songs which the alumni and students are accustomed to sing at their social gatherings and also to preserve some of the older tunes which might otherwise be lost in the general shuffle. The Latin hymns and a few others are those which were sung at the Centennial celebration in 1900 and are included for their intrinsic and historic value."

In this book are found all of the songs except the first three mentioned in this article. It is now out of print, but there are many copies in existence. The College Library has one for reference. Many poets were inspired with words suitable for some favorite tune: Professor Henckels (who added great impetus to the musical life of the college), Prentiss, '96, Rankin, '48, Hausman, '03, Barrett, '02, Anderson, '99, Robinson, '03, Taylor, '96, Bemis, '04, Wines, '70, Allen, '98, and Hazen, '03 were some of these. Others collaborated a la Gilbert and Sullivan: Rankin, '48 and Henckels; Botsford, '00 and Remele, '72; Botsford, '00 and Simmons, '02; Miner, '02, Roberts, '02, and Remele, '72 (sounds like a law firm). At least one performed the Herculean labor of both words and music, Hurlburt, '99. Last but not least come the arrangers. Gilbert Roberts, '02 seems to specialize in Latin hymns. White, '01, Taft, '00, Stone, '99, and Simmons, '02 are other arrangers. The book included also the previously mentioned two-step by J. A. Peck, '98.

One song included in this book has peculiar significance for the women of the college. It was done by Anna Hazen, '03 (Mrs. Elbert S. Brigham). This has reference to the ostensibly undesirable addition of women to the student body. It was sung to the tune of "On the Road to Mandalay" and gives quite a picture of the Middlebury of that period: Chapel at 8:15 a. m., the old system of marks for attendance, the prevailing styles in dress—both for men and women, the favorite smoke, the favorite hang-out, the old chapel bell, but withall, the same "old gray college."

ON THE WAY UP COLLEGE HILL.

I.

By the old brown sleepy Otter,
Running northward to Champlain,
There's an old gray college standing
And I hear its sweet refrain;
For the chapel bell is ringing
At ten minutes after eight,
And you find your two marks waiting,
If you try to sneak in late.
On the way up college hill,
Oh, I wish I were there still,
For the college bell is ringing
On the way up college hill.

Chorus.

On the way up college hill,
Oh, of that I'm dreaming still,
And the jaunty little co-ed
Who was there against my will.

II.

For her little coat was scarlet
And her hat was bottle green,
She was just the dearest co-ed
That Old Midd. had ever seen.
And I saw her first when smoking
Of a whacking big cheroot,
When I was a jolly junior
In a brand new Norfolk suit.
Jolly junior bright and gay,
Co-ed hater, so they say,
Plucky lot I cared for co-eds
Till I met her on the way.

Chorus:

III.

Oh, I hate co-education,
And the co-eds drove me mad,
And the Freshman aggregation
Made me sick and made me sad.
And the "Pluggers" winning high marks
Made me sigh and mighty sore,
Till I saw that little co-ed
As I lounged in Sheldon's store.
As I lounged in Sheldon's store,
With some twenty boys or more,
Saw that charming little co-ed
As I lounged in Sheldon's store.

Chorus:

IV.

Give me back my days of boyhood
And to Midd. I'll quickly roam,
Where four marks are ten commandments
And some fifty take you home;
For the chapel bell is ringing
And 'tis there that I would be,
There a-waiting for the co-ed
Who walked up the hill with me.
On the way up college hill,
Oh I wish I were there still,
For the chapel bell is ringing
On the way up college hill.

Chorus:

There are other very interesting songs in this book, such as the "*Elihu Primbles*," sung in Glee Club concerts by the Barnard brothers, '00 and '01, but "*The Rallying Song*," "*All Hail to Thee*," and "*The Centennial Hymn*" are the only ones that are still occasionally sung by the present student body and probably "*The Rallying Song*" is the only one most of them would recognize.

For some years this was erroneously treated as an Alma Mater—hats off—etc. In 1928-29 the Campus Contest for words for an Alma Mater song awarded the cup to Miss Anna Belisle, '28 (Mrs. Daley). Then, for some reason, the whole matter has lapsed until the present Campus Contest, for any kind of a song—both words and music. The only "sung" song we have ever had that to my mind possesses real elements of an Alma Mater is the "*Centennial Hymn*", mentioned previously in this article and quoted in part. Its very bulk, however, stands in the way of its being readily adopted for any such purpose. It is inserted into the College Hymnal and, if used more often at daily Chapel service, might eventually become established.

The "Laurea" of 1909 contains more music by Professor Henckels to words by Frank Farnsworth, '09.

In 1913 some students eager to have a new song book gave a Minstrel Show to raise money for the cause. That $100.00 waited till 1924 when Professor Lacalle undertook the task. This book contains several of the old songs that were in the former book together with a number of new songs, some of which are still on the honor roll of "The Great Unsung." New names appearing in this book are Fish, '23, Furber, '20, Woodruff, '22, Voss, '14, Wright, '20, Upton, '24, Gaylor, '22, Eddy, '23, Rogers, '23. Professor Wright, and Wiley, '12. Among these selections the *Victory Song* is a prime favorite still.

The *Cane and Panther Song*, now so popular with students, was the work of Henry Eddy and Clarence Rogers of the class of 1923. I remember well the night the Glee Club introduced it. It was received with enthusiasm and favorable comment. Then it rested for some years. One evening at our home the College Quartette discovered it in the Song Book and were perfectly fascinated with it. Their zeal put it across for general usage. I regret that Rogers did not live to know how popular the song has become.

A song that should have been included in this book was "*Where the Otter Winds*" by Elizabeth Chalmers, '14 (Mrs. Dow). For some years this was a great favorite particularly in the women's college. And here I might say that much original work is being done now each June for the Step Singing at Pearsons. Some of those songs may be calibre for general college use and win places in the next song book. Or perhaps the women will some day have a Song Book of their own.

There is no accounting for the career of any song. But college songs, except in rare cases such as Rudy Vallee's Maine Stein Song, have no commercial value and therefore no publisher to push them. The author or composer is hesitant about forcing his own products to the front. "*Gamaliel Painter's Cane*" wandered unguided about the campus for three years like the "Boll weevil," "Just a lookin' for a home," being sung occasionally by some enthusiasts and then fading out of the ether for months before being heard again. All Professor Wright and I could do was to release it in the beginning and watch its rejection or acceptance. As is true of most any song, some like it and some don't. It, like others, may have its day and then pass into the discard.

On the other hand, the little *Mascot Song* which was jotted down hastily one morning, by night was in the hands of Mr. Bonney, then leader of the Glee Club. Within a week it was sung at the New York Alumni dinner, broadcast over the radio, was picked up like measles by the students and for a time sung on all occasions. It has no value except for fun. And yet it leaped across with unbelievable speed and was received with unaccountable acclaim. Would that it had been a choice song!

Later I did a song called the "*Old Midd Spirit*" which was prompted by the spell-binding cheer-leading of Kenneth Anderson, '25. Copies were made of it, parts were arranged for the band. It was put on at a rally in the Gym along with a couple other new songs contributed by someone else. It was published in the new Song Book that happened to come out about that time. And there it is. It died at birth.

I speak of these personal experiences merely because they are typical of careers of new-born songs.

Shortly after the death of Professor Wilfred E. Davison, '13 "*A Hymn to Middlebury*" that had been written by him was set to music by Professor Hathaway, but I have not known of its ever being sung.

HYMN TO MIDDLEBURY

For the chimes at even' tide, for the beacon clear,
For the strength of circling hills, for all beauty here,
For the hard-fought battles won, for the songs of cheer,
Thanks and praise to thee we sing, Alma Mater dear.
To the courage of the cane, to the white and blue,
To the wisdom of the years, to the visions new,
To our friendship, to our vows, to the broad'ning view,
Middlebury, to thy love, keep us ever true.

This little history surely shows the tragedy of the ill-fated songs that never had a chance and the consequent need of some adequate medium for introducing them. It shows also the fleeting popularity of songs too transient in their interest, and our great need of new songs possessing the qualities that will make them endure the test of time.

To survive the years a college song must stir the spirit, express sentiment, amuse or in some way appeal to the mind, heart, and rhythm of the student, not only of today but perhaps fifty years from today, and must be couched in such language that its meaning may be as unmistakeable then as now. Though this appears to be a large order, a song conforming to it perfectly in every way will remain as useless as a present-day western farm mortgage unless some provision can be made to get it sung in the first place and then keep it going long enough to let it prove whether or not it is fit to survive.

Nothing succeeds like success, and nothing will inspire songs like singing. Get Middlebury College really singing and there'll be standing room only for the new songs.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SOURDOUGH

[*Continued from page 5*]

In regard to the latter, compasses were not very dependable as mineralization in the ground made deviations an incalculable quantity while variations often changed appreciably in a few hours' flying.

Northwest River has a population of about three hundred natives, and the people connected with the Grenfell mission and the Hudson's Bay trading post. Here, as elsewhere in our travels, the Hudson's Bay company provides the only means of trading open to the people. It buys their furs in the winter and their fish in the summer, and sells them all that they wish to buy. The mission here, as in the other towns where they locate, is of inestimable value to the people for the medical care and schooling that they provide. I could easily have spent the summer or a whole year in this delightful town with its hospitable people, but we had in our heads a journey to the north to find, if we could, a piece of land that had appeared in a picture taken by Hubbard a previous summer when he was with the Forbes-Grenfell North Labrador Survey Expedition. This picture looked promising and we hoped it warranted the whole time, expense, and trouble of the trip to almost the northern tip of the country.

We dropped Averill and a native trapper about 100 miles into the interior with instructions from Goransen to investigate some country that looked geologically promising, and came out at Hopedale about a third of the way up the Labrador coast. Here, as in Northwest River and again as in Hebron that evening, Hubbard was forced to speak individually to almost every person in the town, lest he insult some friend of former years; our general arrival was more like that of a triumphant homecoming football team. The differences from any previous country were becoming noticeable: the timber along the coast was sparse and stunted; the waters off the shore had much pan ice drifting from the north; and the population, Eskimo—except for the three Hudson's Bay men, the Moravian Missionary and his family, and the summertime radio operator—made me realize that we were really getting up the coast fast. The Moravian Mission differs from Grenfell's in that it is a religious mission, taking up its work on the coast where Grenfell's leaves off, geographically speaking, and also that it has been on the coast approximately 250 years, coming originally from Germany. We lunched with the Missionary and his family, signed our names in his guest book under those of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, gassed our ship with the laughing help of many Eskimo kibitzers, and shoved off at five in the afternoon for a 220 mile hop up the coast that will live in my memory long after I'm forced to stop flying aeroplanes. The scenery was getting more and more spectacular every foot of the way; the icebergs were reaching sizeable dimensions; the day was one of the clearest I've ever experienced, and added to that was the aviator's joy and rarity, a spanking wind right on the tail. We flew low and we flew high. We hurdled icebergs for sheer fun, and gave a couple of the few doughty Lunnenberg fishing schooners, that wrest a lonely and dangerous living from the summer codfishing off the coast, the thrill of their lives by roaring past with one wingtip just off the deck. Hardly safe flying maybe, but one must somehow express exuberance with the joy of being alive. I picked up Saddle Island rising 500 feet out of the sea more than eighty miles away, and the sun was about setting when we rounded Cape Mugford with its bleak walls rising vertically 3,000 feet right out of the sea. The walls of several fiords and "tickles," dark blue and purple in the shadows of the setting sun, were over half a mile high, yet scarcely wide enough apart to turn our plane around in, had we ventured into their treacherous wind currents.

The landing at the town of Hebron was the same welcome of "Oxanai!!" from the entire population, and our baggage was rowed ashore and a heavy anchor put out for our plane in the harbor with scarcely a suggestion from the three of us. For a white man it's a lonely life at best on this bleak coast, and a five year stretch in

charge of a Hudson's Bay post assures any visitor, be he Lindbergh or anybody else, the best welcome that can be cooked up. The three of us, we found out a week later, were immediately named by the Eskimos upon our arrival. My title, naturally concerning that eighth wonder to the Eskimo, red hair, was "Aboluktok," meaning "The Red One," while Hubbard, with his tremendous physique, was named "Tukil" meaning "The Tall One." "Doc" had to stand some riding when we learned that "Tedlusiak" meant "Pretty Chin."

We planned to do our aerial searching north and west to Ungava Bay in one hop, using Hebron as our base. In case we really found something worth looking at we were to land if possible and set up a pup tent for a night or so and use the universally popular arctic primus stove which we borrowed for cooking as we were well north of the timber line. But we found that we must cross mountains that rose to 7,500 feet in places in order to get across to Ungava Bay and we waited five days to get our chance. We did try it once but couldn't get a safe ceiling and on the way back experienced the bumpiest weather I've struck yet, and that includes some rough stretches in the course of 750 hours of Navy flying. When the weather did give us a break we made the entire hop in about four hours. Crossing those mountains at 8,000 feet was unforgettable, not alone for the scenery of the snow-covered peaks but because of the cold. I'm willing to believe the word of others that the pictures of these mountains taken on the survey expedition of two years ago match in beauty the famous ones of the Andes Mountains taken by Captain Stevens of the Army Air Corps, as the two sets were exhibited side by side in the offices of the American Geographical Society. These mountains are not a level range but are the tremendous gouges and gashes of the prehistoric ice cap with vertically abrupt peaks and valleys. What a tourist ship's paradise this northern coast is going to be when the work of those interested in Labrador and the welfare of its people bears fruit and the coast is accurately charted for navigation! As to finding the looked-for area, "Doc" decided that it was only iron deposits that had showed up in the picture and so we turned around for Hebron again where we eventually thawed ourselves out amid remarks concerning the intelligence of people who flew in such weather without winter clothing.

Followed a two-day prospecting trip at the head of a forty mile bay in behind Hebron. The prospecting end bore nothing but an airplane ride for a designing Eskimo who got himself walked almost to death by Hubbard for his scheming, but it did give me a trip into a valley whose scenery would make a story by itself. Then came the coast again, stopping overnight at Hopedale before going into the "bush" to pick up Averill and the trapper and bring the latter out to Northwest River.

Back at Wabush Katsoa a few days later we found that an accurate analysis of the areas in the various concessions had shown no gold in any quantity worth consideration. Everybody was therefore very eager to get out, especially since the freezeup time was fast approaching. Three loads took out all of our men and the equipment worth flying out, and after a week of battling to keep our plane right side up in Moisie Bay during the annual September storm we took off for Quebec City and eventually East Boston.

Although our particular gold rush blew up, something of the fever of optimism that infects every true prospector caught in me too, and I'm just as firmly convinced that "there's gold in that thar country," as I am that the sun will rise every morning and I hope I'm able to go back and do more looking for it. What matter if the black woods flies make some of the days in the interior seem almost unbearable despite everything that can be done, that the food often consists of the same old three B's, "Bacon, Bannock, and Beans"? I remember, as do the others, only the vast wooded wildernesses of the south, the beautiful streams and lakes, the unbelievably bright colors of the northern lights in the long arc of heaven through a frosty silent night, and the bleak, rugged, breath-taking grandeur of the northern coast.

"MATHEMATICS AT WORK"

[*Continued from page* 6]

economics the student is well equipped with a broad foundation of business mathematics.

For the past eighteen years an average of somewhat over eight per cent of the graduating class has planned to teach mathematics in secondary schools after graduation. For these the department recommends that the freshman course be followed by the two advanced courses in Mathematical Analysis, to give a background, a perspective and a sufficiently intimate knowledge of the future needs of their high-school pupils. The senior year of the prospective teacher should always include the course on the teaching of secondary school mathematics. This course consists of a thorough review of the subject matter of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry with strong emphasis upon and practice in the method of presenting each of those topics taught. Practical solutions to problems that often vex the inexperienced teacher are also discussed in this course.

The needs of the third group mentioned above are fully met by the four years of thorough training in mathematical analysis covering the essentials of trigonometry, analytic geometry, differential and integral calculus, and differential equations.

The needs of the fourth group are not taken into special consideration for two reasons. In the first place, the course outlined for the third group is, as far as it goes, just what they should have and, we believe, as much as is consonant with a sufficiently broadly chosen liberal education. More advanced courses should be taken in post-graduate years after a cultural foundation has been laid by undergraduate courses. In the second place the number of such students is vanishingly small and should remain so as long as the larger universities, possessing rich library facilities, can oversupply the demand for highly trained mathematical specialists.

From what has been said about the future usefulness of the courses offered, do not get the wrong impression that these are pre-vocational courses. It is the method and not the matter that determines the nature of a course. Every course offered is given to conform with the firmly held belief that the chief mission of the department of mathematics at Middlebury College is to establish in the minds of our pupils high ideals of clear thinking and logical reasoning, of generalizing without vagueness and of checking up on oneself without prejudice.

MIDDLEBURY VESPERS

[*Continued from page* 7]

essentials, yes. There are thoughts so elemental, so eternal, so recurrent in the youth of every generation that they are inescapably the very "own thoughts" of every college man or woman. If the themes of preaching get down into these thoughts, all is well. The scholarly brother who opines that because he is to preach at a college he must marshall his scholarship to make a profound impression—well! Humor, absentmindedness, and woe be unto him, and that right early! Leave that for a week day. However scholarly these young people are—some of them aren't—they are just human hearts full of surge and stress and readjustment. What ideals and aspiration, what love and hope and purpose, what faith, and alas! what temptation, and doubt and deep darkness! When the Titanic went down, the bands were bravely playing:

"Hold me up in mighty waters,
Fix my heart on things above!
Righteousness divine atonement
Peace and everlasting love."

All youth, but especially college youth, is in deep waters. If anyone can help to hold these people up in deep waters it must be by realizing what their struggles are, and bringing no alien themes to vespers.

But it is not enough for a college preacher to leave his bookish abstractions, to get down into real experience, and to move among human emotions. "O safe to the Rock that is higher than I!" The whole purpose of this pulpit is that in some way God the Eternal may show himself to these forming lives. How shall we make them know that God makes a difference to them? Sometimes as the sermon goes on there is a sense of futile effort and losing grip. But oh how happy are those moments when the preacher feels that his own sins and weaknesses are being thrust aside by the divine power! This is not mere human utterance. Take it or leave it,

this is the word of God. Sometimes it would not even matter if some unmannerly member of the audience should lounge down upon the pew in conspicuous defiance. Something masterly, set free in the soul of the preacher, lifts him above all annoyance. He knows that nearly all these eager young hearts are following him up through the darkness to a place where the faraway Throne of God shines through.

I remember looking up through the darkness of the Sacramento Canyon to Mt. Shasta sublime in the moonlight. If college preaching does not make God loom above our human darkness and the needs of youth, it has failed. "All our works, begun, continued and ended in thee."

As to method in Chapel preaching, I have none except to look my students in the eye and talk with them heart to heart. My sermons are never written until afterwards and then only that I may keep guard over myself in choosing later themes. As it would be in private conversation, if humor flashes out (often as unexpected to me as to others) I let it come, and pass quickly, for the heart is so full of urgent yearning. Whatever illustrations seem most natural I use. What may be thought of my style, or scholarship, I never care. But if I have left no heart-searching touch, no vivid thought which will come back for further reflection, no wanting of God, then I have failed wholly.

Indeed, more often than not, I go from the college pulpit with a sense of shame and failure. This used to be a grief to me, but now, if I have done my best, I try to leave it with God and remember Wesley's advice, "Be ashamed of nothing but sin." I suspect that disappointment at our failures is a lack of humility. It implies a feeling that honor is deserved. Rather be brave enough to take your shame standing up.

I have preached at many colleges, but have always remembered that a college preacher should regard each opportunity as his last. It should never be taken for granted that one will be invited again. Even at Middlebury where I have been preacher so long, I feel that pressing sense of evanescence. The day will come when I shall be at vespers no more.

But when the memory of Middlebury Vespers recedes into the dim past there will be values to me which can never wholly fade away. Like

"Ships that pass in the night and speak
each other in passing"

I have spoken to thousands of students, many of whom remember me and affectionately claim my friendship wherever we meet. I remember receiving an invitation to speak at a graduation when my strength was already overstrained. "Utterly impossible!" I said. Then I read, "We want you because we three teachers are all graduates of Middlebury College." I accepted the invitation at once. I remember feeling troubled because for lack of address I could not answer a Christmas greeting sent me from England by a Middlebury College student. I remember picking up a hitch-hiker on his way home from the College and thanking God I had been spared the horrid unkindness of passing him by. I remember preaching in a great cathedral-like church of stone in a far-away city. Fifty people came up from the audience to greet me, but I remember only the tall young woman who said "I am a graduate of Middlebury College." Before I knew the foolish thing I was saying it was out, "Then I love you for ever!" But she smiled through her tears and I knew it wasn't a social error after all, for the family of Middlebury College is bound together by ties which are eternal before the throne of God.

ICELAND

[*Continued from page 9*]

east of Reykjavik in the river that comes down from the Long Glacier. We visited this, and must confess that we never saw a waterfall more beautiful. Other great falls and a large number of small ones are found on all sides of the interior tableland.

In 1874 Iceland celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of the beginning of the colonization of the island. The colonists were mostly from Norway—chiefs and their families who struck out for freedom from the tyranny of Harold Fairhair. They were "some of the best blood of the Scandinavian race." And their new country did not go into social chaos, nor did it develop a feudal system. In 930 they organized a government for the whole island and, as Viscount Bryce has pointed out, Iceland was from that date for almost 400 years "the only absolutely free republic in the world." We stood where their Parliament (the Althing) met in the open air, under towering lava-cliffs, every year with but few exceptions for 868 years. Here the laws were made and were announced from the Logberg (Law-Mount); this constituted their publication. The Parliament is now suitably housed in Reykjavik. In 1930 was celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of this Parliament.

Iceland's history is one of daring and suffering. After nearly 400 years of the commonwealth, the country was conquered by Norway and later with Norway passed under Danish rule, and has been associated with Denmark ever since. By the Act of Union of 1918, Iceland is recognized as a sovereign state,—on a par in every way with Denmark,—simply acknowledging the same king. The present constitution was adopted in 1920. The indomitable will and endurance of the Icelanders for a thousand years is one of the marvels of history.

Iceland has always had an unusually high degree of general education. She has a great and famous literature in the Sagas and the Eddas, which were written down in the 12th and 13th centuries and have across the centuries since been the main reading of her people. This has kept them from breaking down the language by slovenly use and accounts for the interesting fact that the language, which is Old Norse, has suffered only slight modification in a thousand years,—so little that a child can today easily read the Sagas.

The present public school system heads up in the National University, which was founded in 1911. It is still housed in a part of the Parliament Building on account of lack of funds for special buildings and is severely cramped for room, but evidently takes it out in men rather than in physical equipment, for it ranks in some departments with the universities of the Continent and has the privilege of exchange-students with German universities.

Within recent years Iceland has built a great mileage of automobile road (with much more to build), where for centuries there were only pony trails. She has a large number of trucks, also a good many bus lines in operation in and around the capital, and a surprising number of automobiles (Buicks preferred). The whole country is covered with a network of telephone lines and there are, in all, six wireless stations. The Icelanders have radios in considerable numbers, with their own broadcasting station as well as programs from Great Britain and the Continent.

Reykjavik, the capital, has two moving picture theatres; two large banks (each with branches in the smaller towns); publishes three daily papers and a dozen weeklies and several monthly magazines; and contains the National Library and several museums. The richest treasure in the capital is the Sculpture Gallery in which are the works of their famous sculptor Einar Jonsson, either in the original marble or in casts of those which are elsewhere. For example, the statue of Thorfinn Karlsefni, the first colonizer of America, stands in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where it was unveiled in November, 1920; a cast of it is in Reykjavik. Mr. Jonsson was in Iceland for his vacation while we were there; he was spending it in the village where he had grown up.

The city has six good-sized bookstores, with large stocks of books and periodicals in several languages, including copies of current issues of ten American magazines. Stores of various sorts showed in their windows many packages familiar to Americans, including half a dozen of our most over-advertised products.

The streets of the city are picturesque with contrasts. A considerable number of middle-aged women and some young women wear the old Icelandic costume, but more of the girls are in the latest and extremest styles, with the highest, narrowest French heels, snappy little hat tilted on the side of the head, and rouge and lipstick lavishly put on. The percentage of face-make-up is higher than on the streets of Paris.

Not to be outdone by other cities, Reykjavik has a building boom, in both the east and the west ends—great handsome houses of concrete. Some of the houses are evidently being built by men who are preparing a home for themselves, but plenty of the allot-

ments look just like the jobs which real estate dealers pull off around an American city. This building boom must come to nothing but grief, it would seem, for there is not the business nor the wealth in Reykjavik to justify this expensive expansion of the city.

MORE SWIFTS, MORE WRIGHTS

[*Continued from page 11*]

Arnold Swift, '22 of Rochester, N. Y., who helped to direct seven of the present enrollment here, and Charles Wright, '30, of Lyndon, Vermont, six. If this contribution were put in terms of tuition returns alone, Mr. Swift's gift to the College could be entered for over $2,000.

It is a subject for unlimited discussion whether the College should contribute to the alumni, or the alumni to the College. Which owes the other more can never be decided. It may be a draw; but unquestionably, at this time, alumni can be of greatest service to the College by interesting their preparatory school friends, relatives, and acquaintances in coming to Middlebury. We need more Swifts, more Wrights.

NINETY-NINE YEARS

[*Continued from page 12*]

and students taught in rural communities. Mr. Wilcox acted as pedagogue in Salisbury for one winter. "We boarded around in homes of the students," he recalls, "and were expected to make ourselves agreeable and useful."

Horseback, carriage, and stage coach were the principal means of conveyance, though most shorter travel was done on foot. "The roads were not bad, except in the spring when the clay thawed out during the day and froze again at night."

Soon after Mr. Wilcox's graduation in 1854 he moved to the southern part of the United States and made North Carolina his home. He carried with him the religious and educational ideals of Middlebury, and for many years was prominently connected with educational work in North Carolina. Later he became interested in several industrial enterprises. For thirty years Norfolk, Va., has been his home.

In 1867 he was married to Mary R. Bunn of Rocky Mount, N. C. who was from one of the most distinguished families in the state. There were three children: Judge E. B. Wilcox, Lt. Colonel Res. J. A. G., U. S. Army of Puerto Rico; Edward W. Wilcox, Jr., President of the Wilcox Motor Corporation, of Norfolk, Virginia; and a daughter, Elizabeth—Mrs. Elizabeth Woolford, of Norfolk, with whom he now lives.

For many years he has been actively interested as a layman in church work and has been connected with the Epworth M. E. Church of Norfolk. The Sunday School of this church has a unique class or sub-organization known as the "Wesleymen of Norfolk, Virginia," which has an average enrollment of some four hundred, among whom are many of the prominent men of the city.

In a Testimonial presented by the class in 1928 Mr. Wilcox was greeted: "In Middlebury in the great state of Vermont, in the year of our Lord 1834, and on the 31st day of December—ninety-four years ago—there occurred a signal and an important event: a Wesleyman was born! But he was all unconscious of the destiny that lay ahead;—of the fate that should one day lead him from the Green Mountains of his beloved Vermont to the land of corn-bread and cotton and mockingbirds. Among the first to cast his lot with us, always a source of inspiration and of strength, we honor him because of what he was, because of what he is, because of what we have the faith to know he will forever be. In kindliness, in courtesy, in tenderness, in love, in all the human contacts—man with man—this gentle, Christian Gentleman has been true to every test."

MIDDLEBURY PLATES ARRIVE

"We are just passing through the customs eighty-four sets of seven Middlebury Plates——." The information arrived as the last NEWS LETTER form was going to press. Immediate shipment of plates will be made to the 84 alumni who were first to place their orders. We cannot now give information as to when the remaining sets will be mailed but the vice-president of Jones McDuffee & Stratton has assured us that all orders should be filled before Christmas, with the exception of the Bread Loaf design. It was necessary to change this center completely and we have not yet seen the sketch for it. The College Plate Committee is doing everything possible to rush the work, but delays appear to be inevitable due to the loss of time in communicating with Wedgwood in England. The Bread Loaf plate will be sent separately as soon as it arrives.

Because of the fluctuating value of the dollar in international exchange, we have been notified that prices on all future orders will be increased 20%. There are about fifteen sets as yet not sold. During December these may be purchased at the old price of $10 per set of eight or $1.50 per single plate. On January 1st, however, the advance will go into effect.

NEW YORK ALUMNAE MEETING

Forty Middlebury alumnae from the vicinity of New York met at Shimas Tea Shop in Manhattan with Dean Ross as guest of honor on November 4th. Following the luncheon Miss Ross outlined recent developments and future projects in the women's college. Some of us were beginning to feel very much out of things but Miss Ross made us realize that we, as alumnae, belong to the future as well as the past of our college. It was a real treat to have her with us and for the spirit she brought to us we are deeply grateful.

RUTH JACKSON, *Secretary.*

AS THEY MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT

[*Continued from page 15*]

Midgets of Middlebury have been tied by St. Michael's in Vermont and beaten by Tufts in New England, and a victory today means everything. That was the kickoff the stands were cheering just then, folks. You really should see the bands from both colleges, everybody. Blue and White and Green and Gold and they're all frozen up solid—not a trombone slide will budge an inch, they tell me. The mountains are glorious in this mid-afternoon twilight, just glorious. Oh, by the way, Middlebury just made four consecutive first downs in a seventy yard march for touchdown. The second kickoff and a quick punt by Saba puts the Panther in a tough spot. They've kicked to U.V.M. on their own 26 and things look bad. After three power bucks, it's a Vermont score and the tally is even at 7 all. What a quarter, folks, what a quarter! Some inebriated rooter across the stadium just threw a bottle onto the field and it's a referee's time out while they pick up the pieces. It's halftime, folks, and the score is still tied. Well, it's begun to snow in earnest, folks. The bands are executing some beautifully amateur formations—and now the teams are coming back. The kickoff starts a long exchange of punts, with a few attempts at passes. Wait a minute, now, Middlebury has repeated her march down the field for a second touchdown, this time by miracle man Boehm, and it's 13–7—still anybody's game. The stands are rocking with the best cheering I've ever heard, and two more players have called time out for cotton gloves. A U.V.M. pass is intercepted by Evans and the game looks about over at 19–7, but Vermont crashes through with another score, and again it's a tossup at 19–13. A Catamount touchdown will tie and maybe win, so they try repeated, frenzied, 50 yard passes, in the fast-falling shadows, but not one clicks and the *game is over*! Middlebury 19, Vermont 13. State champs with St. Mikes! Undisputed New England Small College Champs, with a record of six wins, one defeat and one tie. What a fighting team these boys are! And now, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, this is Graham MacNamee about to sign off and go somewhere to get warm. Good afternoon.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1882

SAMUEL J. PRESTON, who served as Superintendent of Westchester County School District No. 1 for twenty-two years, died at his home in White Plains, New York, on September 6.

1887

GEORGE R. WALES, for fourteen years a U. S. Civil Service Commissioner, died September 16 at his home in Washington, D. C.

1890

DR. JOHN M. THOMAS, now Vice-President of the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, was one of the principal speakers at the 80th annual convention of the New Hampshire State Teachers Association held recently in Claremont. His subject: "The Teacher in Tomorrow's Schools." A group of Middlebury graduates held an impromptu reunion for him and MRS. THOMAS, '91. Among the group were: STEPHEN A. DOODY, '11, Headmaster of Stevens High School, Claremont; CARL GRUPE, '12, Headmaster at Winchester; HENRY D. CARLE, '19, Dean of Boys, Keene Normal School; HAROLD DREW, '18, history instructor, Keene High School; EDGAR L. LORD, '20, submaster of Stevens High; and HAZEL DOODY LORD, '18. Last month Dr. Thomas was appointed Chairman of the Vermont Foundation, organized to create and administer public charitable trusts within the state.

1897

HARRIET D. GEROULD resigned her position as Dean at Willimantic, Conn., State Normal School last June and is living at Wellesley. Address: 9 Appleby Road, Wellesley, Mass.

1898

BESSIE CLARINDA VERDER died at Lowry Hall, Kent State College, Kent, Ohio, September 7.

JOSEPH ALANSON PECK, for many years an insurance broker in New York City, died suddenly on September 29th in Middlebury, Vermont.

1899

HARRY F. LAKE is state chairman of the New Hampshire N. R. A. Mediation Board.

1903

PROF. GEORGE M. JANES, who has been head of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Kenyon College since 1925, retired this year. Address: 117 North Main St., Oberlin, Ohio.

CHARLOTTE M. HULL of Shoreham, Vt., former representative to the state legislature, has been named by Governor Stanley Wilson a member of the new state commission to study the educational system.

1904

DR. L. ERNEST SUNDERLAND, as Superintendent of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, is busy with a staff of 25 clergy and 150 lay-men and women helping some 50,000 needy people a year.

1905

MRS. JEFFRIES LEETE ELLIOTT and family are living in Middlebury, Vt., during this academic year, while her daughters, Sarah and Caroline, are attending College.

1908

SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL, recently elected alumni trustee, was referred to by Henry T. Rainey, speaker of the national house of representatives, in a recent address, as rapidly becoming one of the leaders of the national house of representatives. It is reported that Mr. Pettengill may be nominated for United States senator next year.

1910

MRS. GEORGIA GARDNER BROWNING is curator of the Crane Museum in Dalton, Mass.

1913

DR. FRANKLIN G. WILLIAMS is teaching at the Mary Lyons School for Girls. Address: 401 Swarthmore Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.

1914

JULIA B. WOOD. Address: 292 Orange Road, Montclair, N. J.

RAYMOND G. FULLER is assistant to Director, National Occupational Conference, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Home address: 60 Concord Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

1916

ALLEN P. LOGAN has recently become a partner in the Sunrise Chemical Company of Newark, N. J., manufacturers of various waterproof lacquers and leather dyes.

1917

DAN O. MASON is associated with the General Chemical Company in charge of its large plant at Edgewater, N. J. He resides at Highland Park, N. J.

CARL S. KUEBLER has removed to 28 DeHart Road, Maplewood, N. J. He is a member of the firm of McDermott, Enright & Carpenter, one of New Jersey's oldest law firms. He recently acted as master of ceremonies at the annual gathering of the Smith Family of New Jersey of which he is a member.

1919

BRUCE X. SOMERS, who was recently married, is with Henry L. Doherty Co., 60 Wall St., New York City. Residence: 39 Pleasant Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

1920

DR. STEWART ROSS is head surgeon at the Rutland (Vermont) City Hospital and was recently elected to membership in the American College of Surgeons.

HENRY S. THOMAS, who practices law at New Brunswick, N. J., is teaching some law courses at Rutgers University.

The Hunterdon County Democrat, of which D. HOWARD MOREAU is editor and publisher, in competition with all state weekly and semi-weekly papers received first award for its classified section by the New Jersey State Newspaper Institute.

The General Contracts Corporation, of which RALPH SINCERBOX is Treasurer, has moved to 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

JOSEPH P. KASPER, Executive Vice-President of R. H. Macy & Company, has a new home on Church Lane, Berkley Scarsdale, N. Y.

1921

RUSSELL M. SANFORD. Mailing address: 932 Hilldale Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

GORDON A. SWAN is a market analyst with the Electrical Research Products Inc., New York City. Home: 2042 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1922

CHARLES H. REINBRECHT, president of the United Lutheran Church Mission in Shantung, China, supervises the Kiaochow District in which there are 15 chapels, 6 preaching halls, and 18 primary schools.

FLORINNE B. PRATT. Address: 245 Glenwood Ave., Elmira Heights, N. Y.

MRS. DONALD F. KIMBALL (BERNICE CLAPP) Address: 306 Harrison Ave., Westfield, N. J.

JULIAN MACLAURIE BISHOP is chaplain to the Sisters of St. Margaret in Utica, N. Y. Address: 21 Emerson Avenue.

JOHN C. SAUR is manager of the Philadelphia Branch of the General Electric Contracts Corp., 1405 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Word has been received of the birth on August 11, of a son, Albert F. Jr., to ALBERT F. and HILDA WOODRUFF GOLLNICK, at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Mr. Gollnick is a manager of the Swift Australian Packing Company

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1923

MRS. DONALD O. EISENHART (DOROTHY NEWTON). Address: 81 Prospect St., Utica, N. Y.

RADCLIFFE W. LYON. Address: 46 Roberts Ave., Rutland, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wetherby (EVELINE HOUGHTON) are the parents of a son born in September.

ELBERT T. GALLAGHER, lawyer—North Court Bldg., White Plains, N. Y. Residence: 19 Mountain Ave., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

RUTHERFORD J. GETTENS, chemist for the Department of Technical Research of the Fogg Museum at Harvard, spent two months last summer visiting European museums. He is assistant editor of a quarterly journal, "Technical Studies in the Fine Arts," published by the Fogg Museum and conducts researches in the restoration and preservation of paintings.

1924

MARJORY JOHNSON was married on October 7 to John Collins Lewis in Rutherford, N. J. Address: 5 Pangborn Place, Hackensack, N. J.

ALFRED W. QUACKENBUSH, who was recently married, is with the New York Telephone Company, 140 West St., New York City. Residence: 370 Teaneck Road, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

MR. and MRS. RUSSELL J. PRATT (RUTH EDDY) are the parents of a daughter, Dorothy May, born June 27th. Dorothy has the distinction of being the first girl in the Pratt family for sixty years. Address: Theresa, N. Y.

MARGARET L. STEARNS. Address: 27 Francis Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MRS. VIOLA HOLT DOWNES. Address: Broadlawn, 20 North Broadway, White Plains, N. Y.

MRS. MALCOM R. BEAN (LILLIAN KNIGHT). Address: 4 Elwood Ave., Stoneham, Mass.

MR. and MRS. RALPH W. COATES are the parents of a daughter, Elizabeth Joanne, born July 12. Address: 775 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.

RUTH C. COWLES is Supervisor of Home Economics work in four Junior High Schools and one Senior High School in Cranston, R. I. Address: 110 Pontiac Avenue.

1925

ERNEST M. ADAMS graduated in June from the three year evening course at Bentley School of Accounting and Finance in which LAURENCE CLUFF, '14, HAROLD HASKINS, '15 and EARLE HASKINS, '22 are instructors.

DOROTHY REED is teaching at the Weaver High School, Hartford, Conn.

GORDON BROKENSHIRE is a congregational minister in Orange City, Florida.

DONALD S. CANN is a senior at the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy. He also has a position in the office of the A. A. A. of Philadelphia. Address: 4922 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS O. CARLSON is assistant actuary, National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters. Residence: 196 Pinehurst Ave., New York City.

MRS. ARTHUR A. HEADLEY (DOROTHY TILLAPAUGH). Address: 354 East 21st Street, Apt. 4G, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARSHALL M. KLEVENOW is a salesman for the Prudential Insurance Co. Address: 2819 So. Wentworth, Milwaukee, Wis.

1926

E. MURRAY HOYT is spending the winter at Indian Rocks, Florida.

LEONARD A. SMITH is assistant manager of the Newark Store of the Bond Stores, Inc., Men's Clothiers. Address: 229 Stewart Ave., Arlington, N. J.

MRS. C. W. FRASIER (KATHERINE ABEL) is in the Bureau of Adjustments of the R. H. Macy Co. Address: 144-41 Roosevelt Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

MR. and MRS. HARALD TOPKEN (HELEN LINDQUIST) have a daughter, Sigrid Elizabeth, born July 28. Address: 414 East 5th St., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of HELEN A. WOODWORTH to James M. Gwin of Wethersfield, Conn.

JOHN P. McNEIL received his Masters Degree in physical education from Columbia University last year.

MR. and MRS. GRANVILLE H. LUTEN (VIRGINIA AINES) are the parents of a second daughter, Barbara, born June 9. New Address: 3357 Ruckle Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

RUSSELL A. SEAVEY was married on August 6, 1932 to Evelyn Whiteley of Syracuse, N. Y. He is manager of the New England territory for Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., publishers. Address: 18 Day St., Somerville, Mass.

LESTER W. SCHAEFER has entered a law partnership with William H. Blodgett under the firm name of Blodgett & Schaefer. Offices at 382 Main St., Winsted, Conn.

MR. and MRS. RICHARD LUM (MABEL BENEDICT) have a daughter, Marilyn, born September 1.

CHARLOTTE RAYMOND is nutritionist with the Newton Chapter of the American Red Cross located at 12 Austin St., Newtonville, Mass. Home Address: 76 West Cedar St., Boston, Mass.

1927

DR. CHARLES G. SHEDD is serving an appointment in obstetrics at the Boston Lying-In Hospital, Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

HAROLD W. HIGGINS has finished his interneship at Massachusetts Memorial Hospital in Boston and opened an office in the Disco Bldg., Norwich, Conn. Dr. and Mrs. Higgins (ETHEL PALMER, '28) are residing at: 18 Slater Avenue.

MRS. J. WILLIAM MERRIAM (RUTH HOWLAND). Address: South Street, Grafton, Mass.

MARION MORGAN. Address: 72 University Place, New York City.

MR. and MRS. JOHN PACKARD (RUTH TUPPER) are the parents of a baby girl. Address: Dearborn Inn, Dearborn, Mich.

MR. and MRS. ALDEN QUICK (RUTH JONES) have a baby boy, Richard Furber, born April 2.

RACHEL L. SPEAR, who received an M. A. in Latin at Columbia Univ., last June is teaching that subject in the Towanda, Pa. High School. Address 215 Poplar St.

1928

ANNE M. BELISLE was married on September 30 to James Alan Daley, who is an architect in Boston. Mrs. Daley is assistant to the Publicity Director, Massachusetts Agency, Home Owners' Loan Corporation, 82 Devonshire St., Boston. Residence: 42 Joy Street, Boston.

HELEN BELL and ROBERT HATHAWAY, '31 were married on August 23. Address: R. F. D. No. 3, St. Albans, Vt.

DONALD A. RAMSDELL is working for his Ph.D. in psychology this year at Harvard.

MR. and MRS. ROBERT MIX (EVELYN DAKIN) announce the recent arrival of Robert, Jr.

William Storrs, IV was born to MR. and MRS. W. STORRS LEE, October 13.

DONALD PENN is with The American News Company, Inc., 131 Varick St., New York City.

MR. and MRS. ALBERT D. LEAHY are the parents of a son, Albert D., Jr., born in July.

1929

EDWARD R. DENOYON is instructor in French at the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Conn. This is the third oldest preparatory school in the country. Address: 57 Fairfield Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

FREDERICK G. BOSSERT is associated with W. R. Schrafft & Sons Corp., Boston, Mass., and is also on the membership committee of the University Club of Boston. Residence: 56 Park Lane, Newton Centre, Mass.

HAROLD E. KINNE was married September 2nd to Elizabeth Roberts of Rupert, Vt. He is working for the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, 100 Williams St., New York City.

BEATRICE COUGHLIN is X-ray expert at the Manchester, Conn., General Hospital.

DOROTHY POLLARD married Donald H. Ballou September 14. Address: 25 B Shaler Lane, Cambridge, Mass.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

CHARLES W. ALLEN returned September 28th from Labrador where he flew about eight thousand miles as pilot of a party of four who were engaged in gold prospecting by air.

DOROTHY L. DIETZ and RICHARD A. LOBBAN were married September 16 by DR. VERNON C. HARRINGTON, '91, in Mead Memorial Chapel. Business address: 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

RAYMOND J. SAULNIER is research assistant to Prof. J. W. Angell, Instructor in Economics, Columbia University. Address: 375 Riverside Drive., Apt. 6D, N. Y. C.

During June DAVID D. WAUGH received his M. D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, married Bertha Roeder of Kew Gardens, and commenced a two-year rotating interneship at Brooklyn Hospital.

FRANK A. DEWITT, JR. is an estimator with the George Grady Press, Inc., 445 West 41st Street, N. Y. C. Residence: 8943 212th Place, Queens Village, N. Y.

1930

JANICE ALWILL and THAD R. JACKSON, '29 were married by President Moody in Mead Memorial Chapel, September 16. Address: 31 Stearns Road, Watertown, Mass.

HELEN M. WALCOTT is teaching English in the Harrison, N. Y. High School.

MR. and MRS. RICHARD HUMESTON are the parents of a son born October 6.

ARTHUR E. NEWCOMB, Jr. attended the University of Cambridge Summer Session and travelled in England, Scotland, France, Italy and Switzerland.

MR. and MRS. RICHARD FENDERSON are the parents of a daughter, Patricia Lowell, born October first.

CARL HOWARD is teaching French at the Hobart, N. Y. High School.

DAVID DALAND. Address: 68 Van Reypen Street, Jersey City, N. J.

JOHN H. STEARNS married Laura S. Waters September 4 in Orange, Mass.

1931

MR. and MRS. HAROLD S. KING (RUTH MCNULTY). Address: 632 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WARD S. YUNKER is working at The Great Northern Paper Co. in Millinocket, Maine, taking a two-year apprentice course in newsprint manufacture.

GERALDINE G. GRIFFIN is secretary to Benjamin McClung, Counsellor-at-Law, Albany, N. Y.

ROY E. HARDY is assistant buyer in the fur department of Jordan Marsh in Boston. Address: 293 Marlboro St., Boston.

FLOYD HINMAN is working for the Grand Union Stores in Syracuse, N. Y.

PHILANDER BATES is working for Gilman Fairfold Corp., Ltd., Boston., Mass.

ROBERT CALEF reports that on a trip to Chicago he stopped at Henry Ford's Dearborn Inn in Detroit and found KENNETH SIMPSON working as cashier and head waiter in the Coffee Shoppe.

PRUDENCE INGHAM and MARSHALL MONTGOMERY were married October 12 in Newark, N. J. Mr. Montgomery is affiliated with the Hanseatic Corporation of New York.

ROBERT SPENCER is assistant to the Secretary of the International Association of Garment Manufacturers, New York City.

KENNETH C. PARKER is head of the French Department, Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

N. WENDELL WEEKS is head of the English Department, Hobart N. Y., High School.

HARRIET W. ELIOT is taking a two-year course in the Science of Social Service at Western Reserve University, having received the degree of B. S. in Social Service, summa cum laude, from the Schaeffer School in Cleveland last June. Address: 2039 Abington Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARJORIE FRYE is teaching English in the Leicester, Mass., High School.

MR. and MRS. DONALD D. EASTMAN (LUCILE F. DAMERELL, '30). Address: 51 Henry Avenue, Harrison, N. Y.

WILLIAM KENNETH COX married Marie Doyle of Great Bend, Penn., on August 16. Mr. and Mrs. Cox are both teaching in Glenfield, N. Y.

1932

NINA BARBER is a clerk in the Worcester Evening High School and with her sister, MIRIAM, '33, is doing graduate work in Boston University.

MADISON M. HESS is teaching in the Irondequoit High School, Rochester, N. Y., and living at home.

JOSEPHINE WALKER graduated last June from Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston and has a position as private secretary for an insurance firm in Boston. Address: 3 Sumner Road, Apt. 32, Cambridge, Mass.

HAROLD MUNROE is an industrial chemist in one of the laboratories of the U. S. Rubber Company in Naugatuck, Conn.

MRS. DOROTHY VERGASON WHITNEY is Treasurer of the Republican Town Committee of Norwich. Conn.

HOWARD C. VIEHMAN received his M. A. degree at Columbia last June.

ANNIE E. FULLER is employed in a Real Estate office in Watertown, Mass., Residence: 17 Centre Street.

RENE MORIZE has a position with the French Company of the International Harvester Co. Address: Lamonzie St. Martin, Dordogne, France.

RUTH HUMPHREYS has entered on a three-year course in Architecture at M. I. T.

EDWARD H. ANDERSON and PHILIP L. CARPENTER, '33 are pursuing graduate studies in bacteriology at Brown University. Address: 71 Brown St., Providence, R. I.

GEORGE F. EMERY is with the National Park Service located at Camp Booker T. Washington, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. A part of his work is to prepare pamphlets on the battlefields in that area. As an "extra-curricular activity" Mr. Emery is coaching the Camp football team and refereeing games.

MR. and MRS. ROY DAVENPORT. Address: 8384 116th Street, Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.

NORMAN ROWELL is principal of the school at Greenfield, N. Y.

THEODORE B. HADLEY was ordained into the Congregational ministry November 3 at Weybridge, Vt.

1933

DOUGLAS F. SHORT is working with The Unionist and Public Forum, a weekly newspaper published for the purpose of aiding agriculture and labor in the state of Iowa. Address: 1524 Isabelle St., Sioux City, Iowa.

WILLIAM S. WEIER is working in the editorial department o the New York Evening Post.

RACHEL BOOTH is teaching in the Vergennes, Vt., High School.

ZAVART MARKARIAN is attending the Prince School in Boston. Address: 8 Otis Place, Boston.

DOROTHY KENNEDY is teaching in Sunapee, N. H.

ANTHONY G. L. BRACKETT is associated with Dun & Bradstreet, Inc., 15 Columbia Street, Bangor, Maine.

DONALD H. MACLEAN is with the Walter Baker Chocolate Company in Milton, Mass.

H. ALAN PAINTER, who studied for one month at Columbia Law School, is a reporter for the Hunterdon County Democrat and is teaching Journalism at the Flemington, N. J. High School.

. . . . .

President CHARLES A. PLUMLEY of Norwich University, recipient of an honorary LL.D. from Middlebury in 1922, and father of EVELYN PLUMLEY ADAMS, '25 has announced his candidacy for the office of Representative in Congress from Vermont, at the special election to be held in December. Dr. Plumley has long been prominent in Vermont affairs. He was Commissioner of Taxes for Vermont for several years, and previously held the offices of Speaker, Clerk, and Assistant Clerk of the State House of Representatives.